OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Together with his

REMEDY OF LOVE.

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE by

DRYDEN, CONGREVE, and Others.

To which are added

THE COURT OF LOVE,

A TALE, from CHAUCER:

AND THE

HISTORY OF LOVE.

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MDCCLXXVII.

THE INTRODUCTION.

OVID's Art of Love having lately appear'd in French, with obſervations written by the tranſlator, which have been very well receiv'd in France; it has been thought proper to add ſuch of them as are moſt curious to this verſion, and to make other new remarks in ſome places, where the Engliſh tranſlators have given another turn to the original. The introduction to theſe obſervations is entirely the French author's; ſo are moſt of the reflections. 'Tis hoped thoſe that are not taken from him will not be found to be of leſs importance than thoſe that are.

A great many people are miſtaken in theſe books; and tho' they were made uſe of as a pretence to drive the author from the court of Auguſtus, and confine him to Tomos on the frontiers of the Getæ and Sarmatæ, yet they were not the true cauſe of his confinement. They are very far from being ſo licentious as the writings of ſeveral other poets, both Greek and Latin. However we muſt own he might have been a little more diſcreet, eſpecially in ſome pieces.

What which offended the Romans moſt in this work, cannot touch us. It has always been more dangerous in Italy to converſe with women of honour, and frequent their houſes, than 'tis with us: Tho' there is more

more liberty, and what in that country may be an occaſion of debauchery, would not at all be ſo in ours.

Notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid againſt theſe Books of the *Art of Love*, by ſome overſcrupulous perſons, whoſe diſcretion has too much of affectation in it; they are not only neceſſary for the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and the Roman hiſtory, concerning which they contain ſeveral things very particular; but for the noble ſentiments we find in them, which the graveſt and learnedſt writers have thought worthy to be quoted for authorities.

In a word, there's nothing in them that comes near the licence of ſome epigrams of Catullus, Martial, and Auſonius, of ſome ſatires of Horace and Juvenal, and ſeveral other pieces of ancient and modern authors, which are read and commented upon; and about which even celebrated Jeſuits and other religious perſons, as eminent for their piety as their erudition, have employed their ſtudies. Yet who has condemn'd or complain'd of them? We muſt confeſs, ſuch things ſhould be managed with addreſs: and thoſe of them who have meddled with any of the authors I have named, have ſhewn that it may be done ſo, by their ſucceeding ſo happily in it.

As for this treatiſe of the *Art of Love*, for which the the author has alſo preſcrib'd a *Remedy*, as it is liable to be ill interpreted by thoſe whoſe pens poiſon every thing they touch; ſo it may bear a good conſtruction, by ſuch as know how to turn every thing to advantage.

I will yet ſay, this Art may be apply'd to thoſe that intend to marry. There is nothing ſure againſt decency in all that. I agree, if you will have it ſo, that it extends

tends ſo far as to direct one to the means to gain a miſtreſs. If this was not lawful heretofore in Italy, on account of the jealous humour of the Italians, we cannot, for the ſame reaſon only, ſay it ought to be forbidden in our country, any more than in ſeveral others, provided we could be ſure the ladies modeſty would not be offended, before whom youth ſhould be always careful not to exceed the bounds of the reſpect that's due to them.

Be it as will, I have thought of endeavouring to apply all that is ſaid in theſe books of wanton love, to the art of loving the ſciences. The emblem is not diſagreeable, neither is it impoſſible to explain all that Ovid has written here upon the love of beauty, by that of the arts. What do we not ſometimes underſtand by the loves of a ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs? By a lover of incomparable beauty, and his fair one paſſionately in love? But keeping to the fable, how often has the loves of Jupiter and Juno been moralized upon, as well as thoſe of Apollo and Daphne, Mars and Venus, Myrrha and Cynaras, and ſeveral others, the examples of which are almoſt infinite? Yet theſe things are ſeen every day, all the world read and admire them; tho' the outſide of them is a little ſtrong, and the literal ſenſe more ſuſpected, than any of the precepts laid down in Ovid's *Art of Love* are licentious.

But to ſoften this thought a little; let us figure to ourſelves, that the poet is not only a gallant of the court of Auguſtus, but a philoſopher of the Portic and Lyceum; who propoſes to us, as to his diſciples, excellent rules to acquire the virtues and ſciences, repreſented under the name of the muſes, or ladies of various beauty,

beauty, who may be met with every where, especially in great academies, in the schools, in courts, in walks, and in holy places; figur'd by cirques, theatres, galleries, portico's, and the temples of the Roman deities, where great assemblies were held. And when we have chose that which pleases us best, and is most agreeable to our nature; let us endeavour to gain its good graces, and enjoy it, that we may become more wise and more virtuous. Thus we may deceive our imagination; and 'twill be easy for us to make the reading of this treatise not only pleasant, but profitable. We need not then have any scruple upon us, because there is nothing unchaste in the expression, tho' such things as are intirely gallant are not neglected; at least no farther than modesty and decency requir'd. I will, if I can, explain my thoughts in this matter, according as occasion may offer, as well here, as in the treatise which I have compos'd on purpose.

Of the Art of Love. By this we ought to understand how we must love, or how we must preserve the object of our love, when we have once acquir'd it. Otherwise 'twas useless to write an *Art of Love.* For love is form'd in the heart without art, and all are without art susceptible of that passion. It generally surprises us, and we know not from whence it comes, tho' we feel it very sensibly. For this reason the poets so often endeavour to persuade us that love is a potent god, who wounds every thing with his darts; and that there is no creature able to resist him. We therefore need no art to teach us to love, nor even to love any thing reasonably; but 'tis of very great importance to each of us, that when we are inspir'd, the inspiration

should

ſhould be for a proper object, and a good end, as I design to ſhew you.

Ovid. This poet wrote theſe books a few years before his exile, under colour of which, the decree of the ſenate for his baniſhment was procured; tho' they certainly were not the cauſe of it; and indeed could not reaſonably be ſo, unleſs Ovid wrote them in favour of Auguſtus's grand-daughter, whom he viſited with a little too much familiarity, and did it to pleaſe her. For ſhe, no more than her mother, Agrippa's wife, was not ſo modeſt as perſons of quality and high condition ought to be, as well for their own glory, as for an example to others.

The two firſt books of the *Art of Love* contain the precepts which the author lays down for young men to follow in their courtſhip to the ladies; and the third teaches the ladies how they ought to make themſelves be belov'd. The allegory is not uneaſily apply'd to the ſciences and the virtues, repreſented as lovely women, after my way of imagining it.

OVID'S

ART of LOVE.

BOOK I.

Tranſlated by Mr DRYDEN.

IN Cupid's ſchool, whoe'er wou'd take degree,
Muſt learn his Rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with ſailing art their veſſels move:
Art guides the chariot: Art inſtructs to love.
Of ſhips and chariots others know the rule;
But I am maſter in love's mighty ſchool.
Cupid indeed is obſtinate and wild,
A ſtubborn God; but yet the God's a child:
Eaſy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupilage:
That hero, born for conqueſt, trembling ſtood
Before the centaur, and receiv'd the rod
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art; and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre;
So love's fair Goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſooth the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human kind.

Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were Goddeſs-born.
The bull reclaim'd, and yok'd, the burden draws:
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws.
And ſtubborn love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Tho' ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpite.
I boaſt no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds.
Nor Clio, nor her ſiſters have I ſeen,
As Heſiod ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work a truth ſo try'd,
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence ye veſtals be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame;
Then ſtrive with art your lady's mind to gain;
And laſt, provide your love may long remain.
On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humour beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky;
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.

The

The wary angler in the winding brook
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts, and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
Th' assemblies where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness, in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here may'st thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight);
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.
In summer's heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady Portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the baudy suburb rise:
Or to that other Portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegroom's breast.
Or Venus' temple; where on annual nights
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.

Nor ſhun the Jewiſh walk, where the foul drove,
On ſabbaths, reſt from ev'ry thing but love.
Nor Iſis' temple; for that ſacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove ſhe was before.
And if the hall itſelf be not bely'd,
E'en there the cauſe of love is often try'd.
Near it at leaſt, or in the palace yard;
From whence the noiſy combatants are heard.
The crafty counſellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cauſe, but loſe their own.
Their eloquence is nonpluſt in the ſuit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious wiles,
Grave ſenators lead home the youthful dame;
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But above all, the play-houſe is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy ſtand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a miſtreſs in the rout,
For length of time, or for a ſingle bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills, thither they repair:
Like bees to hives, ſo num'rouſly they throng,
It may be ſaid, they to that place belong.
Thither they ſwarm, who have the public voice:
There chooſe, if plenty not diſtracts thy choice:
To ſee, and to be ſeen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.
From Romulus the riſe of plays began,
To his new ſubjects a commodious man;

Who

Who, his unmarried ſoldiers to ſupply,
Took care the common wealth ſhould multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of ſlaves.
His play-houſe, not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it ſpread with purple ſails for ſhade.
The ſtage with ruſhes, or with leaves they ſtrew'd:
No ſcenes in proſpect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they ſat in ruſtic majeſty,
Each lover had his miſtreſs in his eye;
And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape deſign'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haſte;
But ere the dances and the ſong were paſt,
The monarch gave the ſignal from his throne:
And riſing, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like ſoldiers ready preſt,
Juſt at the word (the word too was *the beſt*)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some chooſe, and ſome at hazard ſeize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawleſs lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear:
Some rend the lovely treſſes of their hair:
Some ſhriek, and ſome are ſtruck with dumb deſpair.
Her abſent mother one invokes in vain;
One ſtands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler truſt their feet, the ſlow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.

She who too long resisted, or deny'd,
The lusty lover made by force a bride;
And with superior strength compell'd her to his side.
Then sooth'd her thus!——My soul's far better part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass!
Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king!
Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scene of love.
Nor shun the chariots and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers; and side by side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding sit;
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind:
Like what she likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the statues of the deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand;
Brush both away with your officious hand.

If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!
Observe who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his incroaching knee should press the fair.
Light service takes light minds: For some can tell
Of favours won, by laying cushions well:
By fanning faces, some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.
These overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the croud their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the spectacle is made a part.

Cæsar wou'd represent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either sea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome!
In this vast concourse, in this choice of game;
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining east to Rome will add.
Rejoice ye Roman soldiers in your urns,
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return:
And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.

A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen,
In childhood all of Cæſar's race are men.
Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the ſnakes did preſs;
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus a boy, yet like a hero fought;
And early ſpoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight;
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your titles as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
Redeem your country, and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome;
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæſar join;
To give a proſp'rous *omen* to your line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I prophesy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſe, exhort to loud alarms;
O were my numbers equal to your arms,
Then would I ſing the Parthians overthrow:
Their ſhot averſe ſent from a flying bow.

The

The Parthians, who already flying fight;
Already give an *omen* of their flight.
O when will come the day, by Heav'n design'd,
When thou the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight,
O glorious object, O surprising sight;
O day of public joy; too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and next to thee,
Some beauty sits the spectacle to see:
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
Answer to all thou know'st; and if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the swift Tigris, with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia; that the Caspian shore:
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth:
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.

In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;
More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian Goddess there her ambush lays;
And love, betwixt the horns of Bacchus, plays:
Desires increase at ev'ry swilling draught;
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin love.

Wine

Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truth it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor truſt thy judgement when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt, did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid, or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.
The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.

Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time; and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ſhips an anchor ride,
And wholſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide:
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought,
Or Dian's fane, which near the ſuburb lies;
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden Goddeſs is love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.

Thus far the ſportful muſe, with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.
Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.

Young

Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my ſchool attend.
First then believe, all women may be won:
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The graſhopper ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In ſummer ſeaſon, or the birds in ſpring;
Than women can reſiſt your flatt'ring ſkill:
E'en ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.
To ſecret pleaſure both the ſexes move;
But women moſt, who moſt diſſemble love.
'Twere beſt for us, if they wou'd firſt declare;
Avow their paſſion, and ſubmit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ſtallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his luſt than they;
And more than women, can his paſſion ſway.
Biblis, we know, did firſt her love declare;
And had recourſe to death in her deſpair.
Her brother ſhe, her father Myrrha ſought;
And lov'd; but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree ſhe ſtills her od'rous tears;
Which yet the name of her who ſhed 'em bears.
In Ida's ſhady vale a bull appear'd;
White as the ſnow, the faireſt of the herd;
A beauty-ſpot of black there only roſe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wiſh of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A ſecret fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her breaſt;
And hated ev'ry heifer he careſs'd.

A ſtory known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him graſs; (ſo much can love command)
She ſtroak'd, ſhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to rome;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.

Ceaſe, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brow,
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes;
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truſt thy mirrour, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view,
Soon won'dſt thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals; to be horn'd like them.
If Minos pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the Cretan court forſakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curſes ev'ry beauteous cow ſhe ſees;
Ah, why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe!
And think'ſt, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friſking ankwardly, to gain his heart.
She ſaid; and ſtraight commands with frowning look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke.
Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
And ſees her rivals death with joyful eyes:
Then when the bloody prieſt has done his part,
Pleas'd, in her hand ſhe holds the beating heart;
Nor from a ſcornful taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go, fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my love again.

Now ſhe won'd be Europa——Io now;
(One bore a bull; and one was made a cow.)

Yet

Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal bliſs obtain'd;
And in a wooden cow the bull ſuſtain'd:
Fill'd with his ſeed, accompliſh'd her deſire;
Till, by his form, the ſon betray'd the ſire.
If Atreus' wife to inceſt had not run,
(But ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courſers Phœbus had not driv'n away,
To ſhun that ſight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Niſus, pull'd thy purple hair;
And barking ſea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At ſea and land Atrides ſav'd his life;
Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea ſought,
When the ſlain offſpring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail:
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
Theſe crimes revengeful matrons did commit;
Hotter their luſt, and ſharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an eaſy victory:
Scarce of a thouſand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men ſhou'd woo:
She who complains, and ſhe who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love:
And yet how can'ſt thou miſs, ſince womankind
Is frail and vain; and ſtill to change inclin'd?
Old huſbands, and ſtale galants they deſpiſe;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbours field,
More milk his kine from ſwelling udders yield.
Firſt gain the maid: By her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free acceſs, and eaſy to procure:

Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the ſecret, and can hold her tongue,
Bribe her with gifts, with promiſes, and pray'rs;
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy ſuit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is when they find her in a merry mood.
When all things at her wiſh and pleaſure move;
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonneſs to luſt betray,
And ſmooth the paſſage to the lover's way.
Troy ſtood the ſeige, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If ſome fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy ſervice to revenge in kind.
Inſtruct the damſel, while ſhe combs her hair,
To raiſe the choler of that injur'd fair:
And ſighing, make her miſtreſs underſtand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand.
Then, naming thee, thy humble ſuit prefer;
And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all;
For women ſoon are rais'd, and ſoon they fall.
Give their firſt fury leiſure to relent,
They melt like ice, and ſuddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy ſuit advance?
'Tis a hard queſtion, and a doubtful chance.
One maid corrupted, bauds the better for't;
Another for herſelf wou'd keep the ſport.
Thy bus'neſs may be further'd or delay'd,
But by my counſel, let alone the maid:

E'en

E'en tho' ſhe ſhou'd conſent to do the feat;
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, ſafe and broad.
Yet if thou find'ſt her very much thy friend;
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair miſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will adviſe, and mark my words,
For 'tis the beſt advice my ſkill affords:
If needs thou with the damſel wilt begin;
Before th' attempt is made, make ſure to win:
For then the ſecret better will be kept;
And ſhe can tell no tales when once ſhe's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's int'reſt to beware,
The bird intangled ſhou'd not ſcape the ſnare.
The fiſh once prick'd avoids the bearded hook,
And ſpoils the ſport of all the neighb'ring brook.
But if the wench be thine, ſhe makes thy way;
And for thy ſake, her miſtreſs will betray;
Tell all ſhe knows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
Keep well the counſel of thy faithful ſpy:
So ſhalt thou learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.
All things the ſtations of their ſeaſons keep:
And certain times there are to ſow and reap.
Ploughmen and ſailors for the ſeaſon ſtay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the ſea:
So ſhould the lover wait the lucky day.
Then ſtop thy ſuit, it hurts not thy deſign:
But think another hour ſhe may be thine.
And when ſhe celebrates her birth at home,
Or when ſhe views the public ſhows of Rome:
Know all thy viſits then are troubleſome.

Defer thy work, and put not then to ſea,
For that's a boding, and a ſtormy day.
Elſe take thy time, and when thou can'ſt, begin;
To break a Jewiſh ſabbath think no ſin:
Nor e'en on ſuperſtitious days abſtain:
Not when the Romans were in Allia ſlain.
Ill omens in her frowns are underſtood;
When ſhe's in humour, ev'ry day is good.
But than her birth-day ſeldom comes a worſe;
When bribes and preſents muſt be ſent of courſe;
And that's a bloody day, that coſts thy purſe.
Be ſtanch; yet parſimony will be vain:
The craving ſex will ſtill the lover drain.
No ſkill can ſhift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who ſhall before thy face his wares diſplay.
To chooſe for her ſhe craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again to bargain for the price:
But when ſhe has her purchaſe in her eye,
She hugs thee cloſe, and kiſſes thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line:
A little bill not to be paid at ſight;
(Now curſe the time when thou were taught to write)
She keeps her birth-day; you muſt ſend the chear;
And ſhe'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies ſhe dribs thee unto coſt;
That ear-ring dropt a ſtone, that ring is loſt.
They often borrow what they never pay;
What-e'er you lend her, think it thrown away.

Had

Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All wou'd be weary'd ere I told a part.
By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dang'rous paſſage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by pray'rs did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her eaſy mind bewitch;
For e'en the poor in promiſe may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will ſtay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her ſtill believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapeſt way to give.
E'en barren lands fair promiſes afford;
But the lean harveſt cheats the ſtarving lord.
Buy not thy firſt enjoyment; leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it *gratis*; and ſhe'll give thee more,
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing gameſter ſhakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty promiſes be fed.
Cydeppe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herſelf into a marriage vow;
(And ev'ry cheat in love the Gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the ſenate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.

But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts;
None but vain fools to ſimple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar ſtile your thoughts convey;
And write ſuch things, as preſent you would ſay;
Such words as from the heart may ſeem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If ſeal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read;
Yet hope, in time, the buſineſs may ſucceed.
In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.
E'en the hard plough-ſhare uſe will wear away;
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft; and marble hard; and yet
We ſee ſoft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more, Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left, by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain;
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhould accord;
The jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.
Mean time, if ſhe be carried in her chair,
Approach; but do not ſeem to know ſhe's there.
Speak ſoftly, to delude the ſtanders-by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If ſauntring in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that's a time for talk:

And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide:
But when the croud permits, go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the play-houſe let her ſit alone;
For ſhe's the play-houſe, and the play in one.
There thou may'ſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains.
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe.
But dreſs not like a fop; nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To eunuchs, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: This Theſeus found;
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean;
And wear well-faſhion'd cloaths like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide ſhoes your feet too looſely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard beware,
And let a ſkilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your naſty noſtrils bud with beard.
Cure your unſav'ry breath; gargle your throat:
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little, or too much:
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a God invites?

He

He helps the poet, and his pen inſpires;
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the ſhore,
Forſaken now; and Theſeus loves no more:
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair,
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the waters brink ſhe ſtood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood;
She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No poſture cou'd that heav'nly form diſgrace.
She beat her breaſt: The traitor's gone, ſaid ſhe,
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become—ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled on the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding Satyrs ran before their God.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear;
And held upon the mane (the God was clear)
The drunken Sire purſues; the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken Sire.
At laſt he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him riſe again.
And now the God of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by ſwift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice and ſenſe forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like leaves of corn when tempeſts blow;
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.

To

To whom the God.———Compose thy fearful mind;
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With Heav'n I will endow thee; and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar:
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner.
He said; and from his chariot leaping light;
Lest the grim tigers shou'd the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waste he threw;
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do:)
And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty pow'rs,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer;
Which she may know were all addrest to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name:
Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires;
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires).
When'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
And where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her hand advance;
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service e'en her husband must attend:
(A husband is a most convenient friend).
Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place;
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.

Whether

Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company;
And what he says be seconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name;
But common though it be, 'tis still to blame.
Thus factors frequently their trust betray;
And to themselves their masters gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppreſt,
For his rude riot at a wedding feast.
Sing, if you have a voice; and shew your parts
In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power, to please;
Nay e'en affect a seeming drunkenness;
Clip ev'ry word; and if by chance you speak
Too home; or if too broad a jest you break;
In your excuse the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenness is subject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then safely you may praise her beauteous face;
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
When all are risen, and prepare to go;
Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court;
For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.

Lay

Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover, let thy speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy wound;
Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd:
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest;
And after feels the torments he possest.
For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.

He

He ſwore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forſworn, he dares not an example make;
Or puniſh falſehood, for his own dear ſake.
'Tis for our int'reſt that the Gods ſhould be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe they ſee;
And both reward and puniſh equally.
Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, ſupine upon their thrones:
Lead then your lives at preſent in their ſight;
Be juſt in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppreſs by might.
But 'tis a venial ſin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conſcience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well deſign'd;
'Tis a profane, and a deceitful kind.
'Tis ſaid, that Egypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor Heav'n did rain ſupply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That ſlaughter'd gueſts would kindly moiſture bring.
The king reply'd, On thee the lot ſhall fall,
Be thou, my gueſt, the ſacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris, Perillus taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the braſen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
'Tis the artificers of death ſhould die.
Thus juſtly women ſuffer by deceit;
Their practice authoriſes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm deſires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.

Kiſs

Kiſs, if you can: Reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you kiſſes, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of courſe;
She ſtruggles but to be ſubdu'd by force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard briſtles not to bruſh the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her meaning is expreſt;
There wants but little puſhing for the reſt;
Which if thou doſt not gain, by ſtrength or art,
The name of clown then ſuits with thy deſert;
'Tis downright dulneſs, and a ſhameful part.
Perhaps ſhe calls it force, but if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
The ſex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They wou'd be forc'd e'en to their own deſires.
They ſeem t' accuſe you with a down-caſt ſight,
But in their ſouls confeſs you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curſe you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her ſiſter did prefer,
To their dull mates, the noble raviſher.

What Deidamia did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the telling o'er.

When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the juſt judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When ſhe with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cauſe;

Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What means Æacides to spin and sow?
With spear and sword in field thy valour show!
And leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why dost thou in thy hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The same the fates for Hector's thread assign?
Brandish thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began;
But. to her cost she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggl'd, but withal 'tis thought
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
He l:'d his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part;
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
This is the sex; they will not first begin,
But when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.
Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.

'Tis

'Tis decent for a man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou may'ſt enjoy; ſhe waits for this:
And on thy firſt advance depends thy bliſs.
E'en Jove himſelf was forc'd to ſue for love;
None of the nymphs did firſt ſollicit Jove.
But if you find your pray'rs increaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And when they ſee you ſlacken they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend.
How many ſkittiſh girls have thus been caught?
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complexion beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown;
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair, compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love.
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argu'd hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail.
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale.

Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable that you may be bleſt.
Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth and friendſhip in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt.
Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou may'ſt a rival raiſe.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
Ev'n Phœdra to Pirithous ſtill was chaſte.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Thoſe rare examples of a faithful mind.
The ſea ſhall ſooner with ſweet honey flow;
Or, from the furzes, pears and apples grow.
We ſin with guſt, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleaſure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But would you ward the blow, beware your friend.
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your boſom-friend your care begin.
Here had I ended, but experience finds,
That ſundry women are of ſundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe,
They therefore muſt be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any ſoil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil,
So 'tis in men, but more in women-kind:
Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in mind.
But wiſe men ſhift their ſails with ev'ry wind:
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his ſhape,
And did in ſundry forms and figures 'ſcape.

A running ſtream, a ſtanding tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fiſh with harpons, ſome with darts are ſtruck;
Some drawn with nets, ſome hang upon the hook:
So turn thyſelf; and imitating them,
Try ſeveral tricks, and change thy ſtratagem.
One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not baudy to the baſhful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning ſpeak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the ſimple ſhun
The learn'd, and into wild embraces run.
Part of my taſk is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you.

The End of the First Book.

NOTES on the First Book.

IN *Cupid's school whoe'er*, &c. The poet here lays down the proposition of his work, which he comprehends in the two first verses: Then invokes the assistance of the Gods, and begins his narration.

Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move. The author continues this thought by other similes. Art is certainly requisite, in every thing, to succeed well; and he who does not understand the art of writing, and even of making verses, ought never to meddle with it, unless he will expose himself to the danger of coming off ill, as it very often happens.

Chiron. Ovid calls him Phillyrides, that is the son of Phillyra; for Chiron was the son of Phillyra, daughter of Oceanus and Saturn, who made love to her in the shape of a horse, according to Aratus, and Ovid himself.

For conquest born. This alludes to his killing Hector, as in the 22d book of Homer's Iliad.

Receiv'd the rod. Achilles submitted to the discipline of the centaur Chiron; and when he had committed a fault, held out his hands to the ferula, or rather rods, for correction.

The silver strings of his melodious lyre. Achilles, when he was a lad, was put to this centaur to be educated; and the translator may well give us this version of Ovid's *Puerum cithara perfecit Achillen.*

Atque animos placida contudit arte feros, &c.
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage, *&c.*

Since we read in Statius, that Chiron told Thetis, the other centaurs often complain'd of her son Achilles, he was so wild, and ungovernable.

And both were Goddess-born. Cupid was the son of Venus, and Achilles of Thetis. Both were children alike,

alike, and both hard to govern. For indeed the passions of love and glory are not easily overcome by reason, which ought always to be mistress; and is not given us, but to maintain her dignity, and never to submit to any other empire, but that of truth; which resides only in itself, and ought to be obey'd in all things.

The bull reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws. This he says, to shew us that love may also be tamed by habit.

I boast no aid the Delphian god affords. In the Latin, *non ego Phœbe.*

The poets, as is well known, always invok'd this divinity; but Ovid's manner is here particular; he addresses Venus to be propitious to him, the subject relating to that goddess.

Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds. From whence the ancients drew their auguries. To which the poet here alludes.

Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen,
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green.

As if he woul'd have said, I am not Hesiod, who, as he kept his flocks in the vale of Ascra (that poet being a shepherd) saw the nine muses, who inspir'd him to make verses. The vale of Ascra was at the foot of mount Helicon, where Dius and Lycomede, Hesiod's father and mother dwelt, and cultivated a small farm belonging to them. Ovid names Clio only of all the nine in this place. The fable tells us, she and her sisters were born of Jupiter's caresses of Mnemosyne, that is, memory. From whence 'tis easy to see the ancients must not always be taken literally, when they write of love.

Venus be my guide. It has been before observed, that Ovid invokes the goddess of love to assist his song, as Lucretius does the same divinity for his work of nature, as being the mother of all generations, and all productions.

For

Far hence ye vestals be, who bind your hair. The author forwarns all virgins and chaste persons not to follow, in all things, the precepts of this book.

You who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame.

The poet here gives his advice as to three things; To seek after an amiable object, to win it by respect and complacency, and not to lose it after once gotten. All this agrees very well with a young man, who looks out for a lovely virgin to marry her; and in an allegorical sense to a philosopher, in his search after wisdom, and the arts which he desires to possess. And in this the division of the two first books consists.

Before your youth with marriage is oppress'd. That is, while you are a freeman, unmarry'd, and not engag'd to any other mistress. The truest meaning that can be given it, is, while you are young, and not yet troubled with the infirmities of age, (for an old man in love is ridiculous) choose where you please.

In summer-heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico. This was a shady walk which Pompey built for the people; and there were several in Rome of the same sort; but the most admirable one of all the Portico's, was the Corinthian, near the Flaminian Cirque, built by Cneius Octavius; 'twas so call'd because 'twas supported by pillars of Corinthian brass. There was another of the same name, in the field of Mars, built at a very great expence; and enrich'd, according to Pliny, with very fine paintings, drawn by the painter Antiphilus; one of which represented the fable of Cadmus and Europa.

They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites. 'Twas the custom among the Romans, to meet in the temples of Venus to mourn Adonis; of which the prophet Ezekiel speaks, Ezek. viii. 14. and infamous acts of lewdness were there committed, if we may believe Juvenal in his sixth satire. Ovid means the temple of Venus, where

where that goddess was worshipp'd at Rome with Adonis, according to the manner of the Assyrians.

Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,
On sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but love.

There were great numbers of the Jews at Rome in Augustus's reign, who were allow'd full liberty to exercise their ceremonies according to the law of Moses. And the Roman ladies went often to see them out of curiosity, which gave occasion for assignations at their synagogues. Tiberius afterwards restrain'd this licence, as Suetonius writes, and call'd these ceremonies *strange superstitions*, ordering the priests vestments and ornaments to be burnt He also dispers'd the Jewish youth into several provinces, and banish'd the rest from Rome under pain of perpetual slavery. As for the ceremonies of the seventh day, they were those of the Sabbath, or Saturday; which was so religiously observ'd by the Jews, for a day of rest, that they would not suffer any thing, that was not of absolute necessity, to be done on that day. If this version seems to bear a little hard on the ancient Jews, it does not at all wrong the modern.

Makes others what to Jove she was before. That is, many women were debauch'd by Isis's means, as she was by Jupiter under the name of Io.

And if the hall itself is not bely'd,
E'en there the cause of love is often try'd.

The poet speaks of the Forums, and wonders how any one cou'd defile those reverend places with their amours: But if the scandalous Chronicle of our time and nation does not lie, there are some superb temples, and some halls of justice, that render Ovid's report very credible.

But above all, the playhouse is the place. We do not want Mr Collier's authority to justify the poet by the example of our own times. This is so notorious a truth, that no regulations have been able to clear the theatres of the traders in debauchery.

Nor

Nor need is there of talking on the hand,
Nor nods nor signs which lovers understand. 'Tis plain, by this, the ancient Romans us'd to make love by signs on their fingers like the modern Spaniards and Portuguese; and this talking on the fingers is very common among us ever since Dr Holder and Dr Wallis taught Mr Popham, who was born deaf and dumb, with whom I have myself held a conversation of many hours, and that many hundred times, by the help of our fingers. But the poet says, there was no occasion of this dumb language at the Cirque; for there was so much noise, that lovers might entertain one another as they pleas'd, without fear of being overheard.

But boldly next the fair your seat provide. Young men are apt enough to do this of themselves, and need no advice.

Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse. They enter'd the field by troops, and every troop in a particular livery

Cæsar would represent a naval fight. The naval combats were represented in a place dug on purpose on the banks of the Tiber; 'twas called Naumachia; and when occasion required, the river-water was let into it.

And the remaining east to Rome will add. Augustus having put an end to the war in Spain, undertook an expedition into Asia, and began the Parthian war, in which he recovered the ensigns that had been taken from the Romans in the defeat of Crassus, which these verses refer to.

Rejoice ye Roman soldiers in your urns,
The ensigns from the Parthians shall return,
And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.
A youth is sent those trophies to demand,
And bears his father's thunder in his hand; Meaning Caius, Augustus's grandson, who was but a boy when he commanded the army in the east. Ovid praises this young prince, to flatter his grandfather, and to gain his

good

good graces; but that did not ſave him from the miſfortunes that happened to him afterwards.

But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit,

Nor truſt thy judgement when the tapers dance. The night is an ill time to chooſe a miſtreſs in. We have a ſaying in England, *women and linen look beſt by candle-light.* The vapours of wine often obſtruct the ſight, and a man is then in a bad condition to judge of beauty.

By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three; when he was to decide which of them was the moſt beautiful on mount Ida.

Where prieſts for their promotion fight a prize. The ſovereign prieſt of Diana Aricina call'd himſelf king, and often got that dignity by gaining the better to his opponent in ſingle combat.

A bull appear'd. Paſiphae, daughter of the ſun, and wife to Minos king of Crete, is fabled to be enamour'd of a bull; and Dædalus the famous mechanic, aſſiſted her to enjoy her deteſtable deſires, by making a machine like a cow; within which, Ovid tells us, ſhe was careſſed by her gallant. From this intrigue the Minotaur was born, half man and half bull, who was inclos'd in a labyrinth, and, by the aſſiſtance of Ariadne, kill'd by Theſeus.

Not Crete, tho' lying, can the truth conceal. The Cretans were always reckon'd liars; and St Paul, in his epiſtle to Titus, quotes a verſe of Epimenides on the ſame ſubject, *Cretenſes ſemper mendaces*, &c. We did not think it decent to give the Engliſh text in ſuch a place as this.

Now would ſhe be Europa, Io now. This known fable is told us thus. Jupiter falling in love with Europa daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, and taking the ſhape of a bull, raviſh'd her in the Dictæan cave; and begot Minos and Radamanthus, as we may read in the Metamorphoſes. The fable of Io is this: ſhe is ſaid to be the daughter of Inachus, debauched by Jupiter, and turn'd into a cow; which

jealous

jealous Juno perceiving, she beg'd the cow; and commanded Argos, who had a hundred eyes, to watch her; but Mercury kill'd her keeper by Jupiter's order. Upon which Juno struck Io with madness, and she flung herself into the sea; which from her was call'd the Ionian; and swimming to Ægypt, was there worshipp'd by the name of Isis, having first resum'd her shape, and married king Osiris.

If Atreus' wife to incest had not run. Atreus's wife's name was Æropa, she suffered herself to be debauch'd by her brother in-law Thyestes.

Thy daughter, Nisus. Her name was Scylla, and she betray'd her father, in favour of her gallant Minos.

Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife. Clytemnestra, and the adulterer Ægistheus, murder'd Agamemnon.

Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail. Phœnix the son of Amyntor, enjoy'd a woman whom his father lov'd. His father was so enraged at him, that he imprecated all the miseries he could think of to light upon his son; whose children dying, he withdrew to Peleus, father of Achilles, who committed to him the care of his son's education.

Hippolytus by Phædra fell. Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was pull'd in pieces by horses.

Nor when the Romans were at Allia slain That was a very unfortunate day for the people of Rome, their army being cut in pieces by the Gauls near the river Allia, the 15th of the calends of August, in the year of the city 363.

When bribes and presents must be sent of course. On the mistress's birth-day: these presents were commonly *cakes*; but we find the ladies were not satisfy'd with cakes only, they wanted pendants for their ears; and the way to get them is much the same in the gallant world now as in Ovid's days.

They often borrow what they never pay. There are few coquets who will lose any thing for want of asking; they borrow what they never intend to restore; and this jilting humour is so livelily painted here by

the poet, that one would think he had lived in another reign than that of Augustus's.

Cydippe by a letter was betray'd. This was a beautiful young lady of the isle of Delos, with whom Acontius, of the island of Ceas, falling in love, upon seeing her in the temple of Diana, and not daring to declare his passion, he contriv'd a way to write to her, on a golden apple, the two verses which are cited in Cydippe's epistle; where is to be seen what happen'd afterwards, and on what account Cydippe was obliged to entertain Acontius as he desir'd.

But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare. For it seems the beaus were not so well received by the ladies in Ovid's time, as the men of wit and worth. *Tempora mutantur* A fop now a-days makes his way as easy as a man of merit did in his.

And free your armpits from the ram and goat. In this expression, which is Ovid's in the main, the Romans bore with an idea that perhaps the delicacy of the moderns will be offended with. The smell of a ram or goat is very rank, and from those animals the proverb came, *The ram lives under his armpits*, to express a nasty smell.

Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites. Wine is favourable to lovers, inspiring them at once with boldness and vigour.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore. The poet tells what happen'd to Ariadne after Theseus had forsaken her: Bacchus came, comforted and marry'd her.

Silenus on his ass. The nursing father and pædagogue of Bacchus, with whom Ovid makes merry here.

The satyrs laugh Ovid calls them light satyrs; and the translator, a few lines before, *scudding satyrs*, from their speed in running. Pliny, who tells us more than we believe, says there was a race of them in the East-Indies that had four feet, but that they ran only with

with two; that they had human faces like men; and that 'twas impossible to catch them unless they were old or sick. St Jerom makes mention of a satyr that appear'd to St Anthony when he was going to visit Paul the hermit. But the saint and the naturalist are in this case of equal authority.

Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song. It was an ancient custom to sing hymns of joy at weddings; which hymns were called Epithalamium's, or Hymeneans, from a certain Athenian named Hymen, who, as Servius reports, deliver'd maids from a terrible trouble, for which they us'd to invoke him when they marry'd, as the God who eas'd them of the burden of their maidenheads.

Thy service e'en the husband must attend. This and the verses that follow shew that Ovid did not mean very honestly, and the decree of the senate was obtain'd against him for this crime, as 'tis pretended, because 'twas strictly forbidden by the Roman laws to corrupt marry'd women, to prevent the abuses which might happen in succession, and the injuring another man, in taking from him what only belongs to himself.

Eurytion justly fell. Eurythus or Eurytion was one of the Centaurs at Pirithous's wedding, who got so drunk that he attempted to ravish Hippodamia the bride; but Theseus knock'd him down with a bowl, and made him bring his wine up again with blood.

Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by. Modesty is a vice, when it hinders us from doing any thing that is profitable to us; and the misfortune is, it generally comes upon us unseasonably, and when it should not. When it should, we commonly miss it; and when we do no want it, 'tis impertinent.

No rules of rhetoric here I need afford. He talks of modesty, and says, if the lover banishes it, he has no occasion for eloquence; for love and fortune favour the bold; which daily experience shews to be an eternal truth.

Inform'd the king. Busiris king of Egypt, son of

Neptune and Libya, whose story is told at large by Herodotus, and in the 4th book of Seneca's natural questions; as is also that of Phalaris, tyrant of Sicily, and Perillus, who invented the brasen bull for that tyrant; an invention to put poor wretches to a cruel death, and by a just judgment of heaven the inventor was the first who made trial of it.

Fair Phœbe, and her sister, did prefer,
To their dull mates the nobler ravisher. Phœbe and Illara were two daughters of Leucippus, both famous for their beauty Their father promis'd them in marriage to Idas and Lynceus, but Castor and Pollux stole them away from him Idas and Lynceus pursuing the ravishers, Castor fell by the hand of Lynceus, and Lynceus was himself slain by Pollux: Idas running upon the latter, to revenge the death of his companion, was struck to the ground by thunder at Pollux's feet.

Orion wander'd in the woods for love. Orion fell in love with the nymph Lyrice, some name her Lynce, from a Lynx, a wild beast so call'd, which is Merula's interpretation. But tho' who this Lyrice was is not very well known, yet 'tis not likely that Orion should be so passionately enamour'd of a wild beast, and 'tis very probable he might be so charm'd with a beautiful damsel.

'Tis true Patroclus, &c. Patroclus, son of Menæceus, and grand-son of Actor, who having kill'd Clytonymus, son of Amphidamas, was banish'd his country, and came to Phthia, where he remain'd with Peleus, Achilles's father, his kinsman. By this means he contracted a strict friendship with Achilles, and accompany'd him to the siege of Troy, where he was kill'd.

Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd. Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen, who marry'd her cousin-german Orestes. Pylades was her husband's friend, and therefore he would not offer to corrupt his wife.

All things are not produc'd in any soil. This is one of Ovid's happy ways of making use of common similies; and

and this and others are brought in here, to ſhew a lover muſt comport himſelf variouſly, according to the various humours of women.

And as for fiſhes, ſome with darts are ſtruck. This gives us a various idea, and livelily expreſſes the author's thought, that women are to be caught ſeveral ways.

But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you. To caſt anchor, as one arriv'd at a port, where tho' he is not to ſtay long, he intends to refreſh himſelf: for we cannot underſtand any thing more by it; ſince, to continue the ſimile, he purſues his voyage in the next book.

OVID's

OVID'S

ART of LOVE.

BOOK II.

NOW Io Pæan ſing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my ſucceſsful toils,
My artful nets incloſe the lovely ſpoils.
My numbers now, ye ſmiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathleſs in renown:
With laſting fame my verſe ſhall be inroll'd,
And I preferr'd to all the bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their raviſh'd bride, to Ida's diſtant ſhore.
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquiſh'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.
Stay, eager youth! your bark's but under ſail;
The diſtant port requires a proſp'rous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty's found,
And with my aid your artful paſſion crown'd:
The conqueſts our ſucceſsful conduct gain'd,
With art muſt be ſecur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatning danger lies.

If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove;
O Venus! aid, thou charming queen of love!
Kind Erato, let thy auſpicious name
Inſpire the work, and raiſe my gen'rous flame.
The labour's great! a method I deſign
For love; and will the fetter'd God confine:
The God that roves the ſpacious world around,
In ev'ry clime, and diſtant region found;
Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard.
His gueſt from flight Minos inclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring paſſage found.
Thus Dædalus her offspring firſt confin'd:
Who with a bull, in lew'd embraces join'd:
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confeſs'd;
Big with a human bull, half man, half beaſt:
Said he, juſt Minos, beſt of human kind,
Thy mercy let a proſtrate exile find:
By fates compell'd my native ſhores to fly,
Permit me, where I durſt not live, to die.
Enlarge my ſon, if you neglect my tears,
And ſhew compaſſion to his blooming years:
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the ſon, or let his ſire return!
Thus he implor'd, but ſtill implor'd in vain,
Nor could the freedom that he ſought obtain.
Convinc'd at length; now, Dædalus, he cry'd,
Here's ſubject for thy art that's yet untry'd.
Minos the earth commands, and guards the ſea,
No paſs the land affords, the deep no way:
Heav'n's only free, we'll Heav'n's auſpicious height
Attempt to paſs, where kinder fates invite;
Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight!

Misfortunes

Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Instruct our wit, and aid the lab'ring mind:
For who can credit men, in wild despair,
Should force a passage thro' the yielding air?
Feathers for wings design'd the artist chose,
And bound with thread his forming pinions close:
With temper'd wax the pointed end he wrought,
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finish'd wings his smiling offspring views,
Admires the work, not conscious of their use:
To whom the father said, observe aright,
Observe, my son, these instruments of flight.
In vain the tyrant our escape retards,
The heav'ns he cannot, all but heav'n he guards;
Tho' earth and seas elude thy father's care,
These wings shall waft us through the spacious air.
Nor shall my son celestial signs survey,
Far from the radiant virgin take your way:
Or where Boötes the chill'd north commands,
And with his fauchion dread Orion stands;
I'll go before, me still retain in sight,
Where-e'er I lead, securely make your flight.
For should we upward soar too near the sun,
Dissolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run:
Or near the seas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will suffer by the steaming main.
A medium keep, the winds observe aright;
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds instruct their tender young:
The spreading wings then to his shoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.

Prepar'd

Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whil'ſt tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Eſſay'd their wings, and forth they lanch'd in air:
Now his expanded plumes the artiſt plies,
Regards his ſon, and leads along the ſkies;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upward ſprings with joy.
The angler views them from the diſtant ſtrand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
Samos they paſt, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's preſence bright.
Now on their right Lebinthos ſhores they found,
For fruitful lakes and ſhady groves renown'd.
When the aſpiring boy forgot his fears,
Raſh with hot youth and unexperienc'd years:
Upwards he ſoar'd, maintain'd a lofty ſtroke,
And his directing father's way forſook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings ſuſtain that blaze of ſun.
From heav'n he views the fatal depths below,
Whil'ſt killing fears prevent the diſtant blow.
His ſtruggling arms now no aſſiſtance find,
Nor poiſe the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight, and ſinking limbs ſuſtain;
His name invokes, 'till the expiring ſound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And ſeeks the abſent youth on ev'ry ſhore;
Where's my lov'd ſon, my Icarus! he cries;
Say in what diſtant region of the ſkies,
Or faithleſs clime the youthful wand'rer flies!

Then

Then view'd his pinions ſcatter'd o'er the ſtream,
The ſhore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain
His flying gueſts, but did attempt in vain:
Yet the wing'd God ſhall to our rules ſubmit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.
Theſſalian arts in vain raſh lovers uſe,
In vain with drugs the ſcornful maid abuſe:
The ſkilfull'ſt potions ineffectual prove,
Uſeleſs are magick remedies in love:
Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And fond Medea fix'd her Jaſon's heart.
Nor tempt with philters the diſdainful dame;
They rage inſpire, create a frantick flame:
Abſtain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your paſſion worthy of her love.
Diſtruſt your empty form and boaſted face,
The nymph engage a thouſand nobler ways:
To fix her vanquiſh'd heart entirely thine,
Accompliſh'd graces to your native join.
Beauty's but frail, a charm that ſoon decays,
Its luſtre fades as rolling years increaſe,
And age ſtill triumph o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but ſhort-liv'd lily ſhows,
And prickles that ſurvive the faded roſe.
Learn, lovely boy, be with inſtruction wiſe!
Beauty and youth miſ-ſpent are paſt advice.
Then cultivate thy mind with wit and fame,
Thoſe laſting charms ſurvive the fun'ral flame.
With arts and ſciences your breaſt improve,
Of high import are languages in love:
The fam'd Ulyſſes was not fair nor young,
But eloquent and charming with his tongue:

And

And yet for him contending beauties ſtrove,
And ev'ry ſea-nymph ſought the hero's love.
Calypſo mourn'd when he forſook her ſhores,
And with fond waves detain'd his haſty oars.
Oft ſhe inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate;
Which with ſuch grace his florid tongue could frame,
The ſtory ſtill was new, tho' ſtill the ſame.
Now ſtanding on the ſhores, Again declare,
Calypſo cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.
He with a wand, a ſlender wand he bore,
Delineates ev'ry action on the ſhore.
Here's Troy, ſays he, then draws the walls in ſand,
There Simois flows, here my battalions ſtand.
A field there was, (and then deſcribes the field),
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Juſt thus intrench'd imagine Rheſus lies,
And here we make his warlike ſteeds our prize.
Much he deſcrib'd, when a deſtructive wave
Waſh'd off the ſlender Troy, and rolling gave
To Rheſus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue ſhe heard,
The well-rais'd paſſion in her looks appear'd:
The goddeſs weeps to view his ſpreading ſails,
So much a ſoldier with the ſex prevails.
Diſtruſt thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There's more requir'd in love than empty ſhow.
With juſt diſdain ſhe treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaiſance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that ev'ry flock alarms:
But the mild ſwallow none with toils infeſts,
And none the ſoft Chaonian bird moleſts.

Debates

Debates avoid, and rude contention ſhun;
A woman's with ſubmiſſive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd huſband ſwear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair:
Diſcord and ſtrife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion juſtifies a clam'rous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only ſighs and wiſhes hear.
Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and ſtill oblige her ſight.
I no inſtructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, *that preſents*, my uſeleſs art:
The giving lover's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy ſing; tho' poor, I love,
And, wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His Honour ſtorms a ſtubborn damſel's door;
I'm cautious to affront, becauſe I'm poor.
With pleaſing arts I court, with arts poſſeſs;
Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in promiſes.
Inrag'd, I ruffl'd once Corinna's hair.
Long was I baniſh'd by the injur'd fair;
Long mournful nights for this conſum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, ſhe vow'd, a ſuit of point I tore;
Falſely ſhe vow'd, but I muſt purchaſe more.
Make not your guilty maſter's crime your own,
But by my puniſhment my error ſhun:
Indecent fury from her ſight remove;
No paſſion let your miſtreſs know, but love.
Yet if the haughty nymph's unkind, and coy,
Or ſhuns your ſight; have patience, and enjoy.

By ſlow degrees we bend the ſtubborn bough;
What force reſiſts, with art will pliant grow.
In vain we ſtem a torrent's rapid force,
But ſwim with eaſe, complying with its courſe.
By gentler arts we ſavage beaſts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.
Fiercely Atlanta o'er the foreſt rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at laſt ſhe lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeleſs flame,
And weeping, in the woods purſu'd the ſcornful dame:
On his ſubmiſſive neck her toils he wore,
And with his miſtreſs chac'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the ſavage fair:
My ſoft injunctions leſs ſevere you'll find,
Eaſy to learn, and fram'd to ev'ry mind.
Her wiſhes never, nor her will withſtand;
Submit, you conquer; ſerve, and you'll command.
Her words approve, deny what ſhe denies,
Like where ſhe likes, and where ſhe ſcorns, deſpiſe.
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles; when ſad, diſſolve in tears;
Let ev'ry geſture ſympathize with hers.
If ſhe delights, as women will, in play,
Her ſtakes return, your ready loſings pay.
When ſhe's at cards, or rattling dice ſhe throws,
Connive at cheats, and generouſly loſe.
A ſmiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd miſtreſs every conqueſt gain.
In heat, with an umbrello ready ſtand;
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, tho' you ſuſtain the cold,
Cheriſh, and to your warmer boſom hold.

Think

Think no inferior office a disgrace,
No action, that a mistress gains, is base.
The hero that eluded Juno's spite,
And ev'ry monster overcame in fight;
That past so many bloody labours o'er,
And well deserv'd that heav'n whose weight he bore:
Amidst Ionian damsels carding stands,
And grasps the distaff with obedient hands;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys;
And who disdains to act like Hercules?
If she's at law, be sure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cause.
With patience at the assignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er she wants a messenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from supper she's returning home,
And calls her servant, as a servant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horse, why foot it down:
Let not the sultry season of the year,
The falling snows, or constant rains deter.
Love is a warfare, and ignoble sloth
Seems equally contemptible in both:
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The soldier thus, and thus the lover fares;
With rain he's drench'd, with piercing tempests shakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame says that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd,
And coarsely in an humble cottage far'd;
No servile offices the God deny'd;
Learn this ye lovers, and renounce your pride.

When all access is to your mistress hard,
When ev'ry door secur'd, and window barr'd;
The roof untile, some desp'rate passage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh how she'll clasp you when the danger's o'er,
And value your deserving passion more.
Thus thro' the boist'rous seas Leander mov'd,
Not to possess, but show how much he lov'd.
Nor blushing think how low you condescend
To court her maids, and make each slave your friend:
Each by their names familiarly salute,
And beg them to promote your am'rous suit.
Perhaps a bribe's requir'd; your bounty show,
And from your slender fortune part bestow.
A double bribe the chamber-maid secures,
And when the favourite's gain'd, the fair is yours.
She'll add, to ev'ry thing you do, a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praise.
When servants merry make, and feast and play,
Then give her something to keep holiday.
Retain 'em ev'ry one, the porter most,
And her who nightly guards the happy coast.
I no profuse nor costly gifts commend,
But choose and time it well, whate'er you send.
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural present bear;
Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your manor brought,
Tho' stale, and in the suburb market bought.
The first ripe cluster let your mistress eat,
With chesnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat:
Some larger fish, or choicer fowl present:
They recommend your passion, where they're sent.

'Tis

'Tis with these arts the childless miser's caught,
Thus future legacies are basely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curst,
That practis'd them on love and women first.
In tender sonnets most your flame rehearse,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verse?
Women a wealthy treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but costly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worship gold,
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty sold.
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not present, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the sex have sense, their number's small,
Most igoorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter aright, smooth empty stanzas send,
They seldom sense, but sound and rhime commend.
Should you with art compose each polish'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine:
Yet she'll a treat, or worthless toy prefer
To all th' immortal poet's boasted care.
But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art:
With lasting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the subject of his praise.
Purple commend, when she's in purple dress'd;
In scarlet, swear she looks in scarlet best:
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing those eyes transcend the sparkling ore:
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Tho' clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
In sorted colours, praise a vary'd dress;
In night-clothes, or commode, let either please.

Or when ſhe combs, or when ſhe curls her hair,
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her ſtep admire,
Applaud when ſhe deſiſts, and ſtill deſire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raiſe,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praiſe.
Fierce as Meduſa tho' your miſtreſs prove,
Theſe arts will teach the ſtubborn beauty love.
Be cautious leſt you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocriſy with art:
Let no falſe action give your words the lie,
For once deceiv'd, ſhe's ever after ſhy.
In autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and ſhows the vintage near,
When ſultry heats, when colder blaſts ariſe,
And bodies languiſh with unconſtant ſkies:
If vitious heav'n infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood ſome fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care beſtow,
The bleſſings you expect to reap, then ſow:
Think nothing nauſeous in her loath'd diſeaſe,
But with your ready hand contrive to pleaſe:
Weep in her ſight, then fonder kiſſes give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her ſafety vow, but louder ſpeak,
Let the nymph hear the laviſh vows you make.
As health returns, ſo let your joys appear,
Oft ſmile with hope, and oft confeſs your fear.
This in her breaſt remains, theſe pleaſing charms
Secure a paſſage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauſeous to her taſte or ſight,
Officious only when you moſt delight:

Nor

Nor bitter draughts, nor hated med'cines give;
Let her from rivals what ſhe loathes receive.
Thoſe proſp'rous winds that launch'd our bark from ſhore,
When out at ſea aſſiſts its courſe no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give ſtrength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young;
The loafty oak but from an acorn ſprung:
From narrow ſprings the nobleſt currents flow,
But ſwell their floods, and ſpread 'em as they go.
Be converſant with love, no toils refuſe,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent uſe.
Still let her hear your ſighs, your paſſion view,
And night and day the flying maid purſue.
Then pauſe a while; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirſty ſoil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon bleſs'd,
His abſence wounded moſt her raging breaſt:
Thus his chaſte conſort for Ulyſſes burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her abſent huſband mourn'd.
With ſpeed return, you're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may ſoon ſupply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Cou'd Helen be content to lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her am'rous gueſt,
And nightly claſp'd him to her panting breaſt.
Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What, truſt a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy ſheep:
Helen is guiltleſs, and her lover's crime
But what yourſelf would act another time.

The

The youth was preſſing, the dull huſband gone,
Let ev'ry woman make the caſe her own:
Who con'd a prince, by Venus ſent, refuſe?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuſe.
But not the foaming boar whom ſpears ſurround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioneſs, whoſe young receives the breaſt,
Nor viper by unwary footſteps preſt;
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian God poſſeſt,
Tranſcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and ſword ſhe flies, the frantick dame
Diſdain the thoughts of tenderneſs or ſhame.
Her offspring's blood inrag'd Medea ſpilt,
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.
And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
That dire revenge purſues neglected loves.
Where ſacred ties of honour are deſtroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers muſt avoid.
Think not my precepts conſtancy injoin,
Venus avert! far nobler's my deſign.
At large enjoy, conceal your paſſion well,
Nor uſe the modiſh vanity to tell:
Avoid preſenting of ſuſpected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your vary'd joys:
Deſert the ſhades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conſcious to a new amour.
The nymph, when ſhe betrays, diſdains your guilt,
And by ſuch falſehood taught, ſhe learns to jilt.
While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and ſhe innocent:
But when inflam'd with ev'ry charming face,
Her lewdneſs ſtill maintain'd an equal pace.

Chryſes,

Chryſes, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful Briſeis, thy complaints ſhe heard,
And how his luſt the tedious war deferr'd.
This tamely heard, but with reſentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous ſlave ſubdu'd:
With rage ſhe ſaw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægiſtus to her injur'd arms;
To luſt and ſhame by his example led,
Who durſt ſo openly profane her bed.

What you conceal, her more obſerving eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny;
And boldly give her jealouſy the lie;
Not too ſubmiſſive ſeem, nor over kind;
Theſe are the ſymptoms of a guilty mind:
But no careſſes, no endearments ſpare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.

There are, that ſtrong provoking potions praiſe,
And nature, with pernicious med'cines raiſe:
Nor drugs, nor herbs will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce 'em pois'nous all in love.
Some pepper bruis'd with ſeeds of nettles join,
And clary ſteep in bowls of mellow wine:
Venus is moſt averſe to forc'd delights,
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites.
With fiſhes ſpawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with Eringo's hot ſalacious root:
The Goddeſs worſhip'd by th' Erycian ſwains,
Megara's white ſhallot, ſo faint, diſdains.
New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
And leaves and apples of the pine infuſe.
Preſcribe no more, my muſe, no med'cines give,
Beauty and youth need no provocative.

You

You that conceal'd your ſecret crimes before,
Proclaim them now, now publiſh each amour.
Nor tax me with inconſtancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind:
Now northern blaſts we court, now ſouthern gales,
And ev'ry point befriends our ſhifted ſails.
Thus chariot drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their ſteeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithleſs dame,
Secure from rivals ſhe neglects your flame:
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauſeates pleaſures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whoſe waſted ſtrength declines,
Converts to aſhes, and but faintly ſhines;
When ſulphur's brought, the ſpreading flames return,
And glowing embers with freſh fury burn:
A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives deſire, and feeds her dying flames.
Oft make her jealous, give your fondneſs o'er,
And teaze her often with ſome new amour.
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleaſures bleſt,
Too great, too exquiſite to be expreſt!
That view'ſt the anguiſh of her jealous breaſt.
Whene'er thy guilt the ſlighted beauty knows,
She ſwoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Aſſault my locks, and with her nails engage;
Then how ſhe'd weep, what piercing glances caſt!
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at laſt.
Let not your miſtreſs long your falſehood mourn:
Neglected fondneſs will to fury turn.
But kindly claſp her in your arms again,
And on your breaſt her drooping head ſuſtain:

Whilſt

Whilst weeping kiss, amidst her tears enjoy,
And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.
Let her a while lament, a while complain,
Then die with pleasure, as she dy'd with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She'll sign a pardon in your active arms.

First nature lay an undigested mass,
Heaven, earth and ocean wore one common face:
Then vaulted heav'n was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd;
And Chaos was in beauteous forms dispos'd;
The beasts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to their floods the scaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,
On rapine liv'd, a rude unpolish'd race:
Caves were their houses, herbs their food and bed,
Whilst each a savage from the other fled.
Love first disarm'd the fierceness of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unskill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy:
They knew no courtship, no instructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bless'd the pleasing wound.
The birds with consorts propagate their kind,
And sporting fish their finny beauties find:
In am'rous folds the wanton serpents twine,
And dogs with their salacious females join.
The lusty bull delights his frisking dames,
And more lascivious goat her male inflames.
Mares furious grow with love, their bound'ries force,
Plunging thro' waves to meet the neighing horse.
Go on, brave youth, thy gen'rous vigour try,
To the resenting maid this charm apply:

Love's

Love's ſoft'ning pleaſures ev'ry grief remove,
There's nothing that can make your peace like love.
From drugs and philters no redreſs you'll find,
But nature with your miſtreſs will be kind.
The love that's unconſtrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was falſe, but mine is ſure.

Whilſt thus I ſung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre;
His hand a branch of ſpreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he caſt diffuſive rays of light,
Confeſſing all the God to human ſight.
Thou maſter of laſcivious arts, he ſaid,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there inſcrib'd in characters of gold
This celebrated ſentence you'll behold.
Firſt know yourſelf; who to himſelf is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wiſhes crown.
Where nature has a handſome face beſtow'd,
Or graceful ſhape, let both be often ſhow'd:
Let men of wit and humour ſilence ſhun,
The artiſt ſing, and ſoldier bluſter on:
Of long harangues, ye eloquent, take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teazing poet, read.
Thus Phœbus ſpake: a juſt obedience give,
And theſe injunctions from a God receive.

I myſteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wiſe.
The thriving grain in harveſt often fails,
Oft proſp'rous winds turn adverſe to our ſails:
Few are the pleaſures, tho' the toils are great;
With patience muſt ſubmiſſive lovers wait.

What

What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed?
As ſhell on ſandy ſhores, as ſtars above,
So num'rous are the ſure fatigues of love.
The lady's gone abroad, you're told; tho' ſeen,
Diſtruſt your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are cloſe,
Reſent it not, but on the earth repoſe.
Her maid will cry with an inſulting tone,
What makes you ſanter here? you ſot be gone.
With moving words the cruel nymph intreat,
What makes you garland on the bolted gate.
Why do I light and vulgar precepts uſe?
A nobler ſubject now inſpires my muſe:
Approaching joys I ſing, ye youths draw near,
Liſten ye happy lovers and give ear:
The labour's great, and daring is my ſong.
Labours and great attempts to love belong.
As from the ſacred oracles of Jove
Receive theſe grand myſterious truths in love.
Look down when ſhe the ogling ſpark invites,
Nor touch the conſcious tablets when ſhe writes.
Appear not jealous, tho' ſhe's much from home,
Let her at pleaſure go, unqueſtion'd come.
This crafty huſbands to their wives permit,
And learn, when ſhe's engag'd, to wink at it.
I own my frailties modeſtly confeſs;
And bluſhing, give thoſe precepts I tranſgreſs;
Shall I, with patience, the known ſignal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
What, tamely ſuffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to uſe my hands or tongue!

Corinna's husband kiss'd her in my sight;
I beat the saucy fool, and seiz'd my right.
I, like a fury, for my nymph engage,
And like a mad-man, when I miss her, rage.
My passion still prevails, convinc'd I yield!
He that submits to this is better skill'd.

Expose not, tho' you find her guilty flame,
Lest she abandon modesty and shame:
Conceal her faults, no secret crimes upbraid;
Nothing's so fond as a suspected maid.
Discover'd love increases with despair,
When both alike the guilt and scandal share:
All sense of modesty they lose in time,
Whilst each encourages the other's crime.

In heav'n this story's fam'd above the rest,
Amongst th' immortal drolls a standing jest:
How Vulcan two transgressing lovers caught,
And ev'ry God a pleas'd spectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his desires the queen of love inclin'd;
No nymph in heav'n's so willing, none so kind.
Oft the lascivious fair, with scornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot, and footy hands deride,
Yet both with decency their passion bore,
And modestly conceal'd the close amour.
But by the sun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what escapes the sun's observing rays?)
He told th' affronted God of his disgrace.
Ah foolish sun! and much unskill'd in love,
Thou hast an ill example set above!
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She'll gratefully oblige you ev'ry way:

The

The crafty ſpouſe around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and ſecret ſnares:
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net.
The Gods deride the criminals in chains,
And ſcarce from tears the queen of love refrains:
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
She wants that cover for another place.
To ſurly Mars a gay ſpectator ſaid,
Why ſo uneaſy in that envy'd bed?
On me transfer your chains; I'll freely come
For your releaſe, and ſuffer in your room.
At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy deſires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos ſhe retires,
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires;
Now converſant with infamy and ſhame,
They ſet no bounds to their licentious flame.
But honeſt Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act ſo much unlike a God of ſenſe?
They ſin in public, you the ſhame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increaſe with puniſhment.
Tho' in your pow'r, a rival ne'er expoſe,
Never his intercepted joys diſcloſe:
This I command, Venus commands the ſame,
Who hates the ſnares ſhe once ſuſtain'd with ſhame.
What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expoſe,
Or Juno's ſolemn myſteries diſcloſe!
His witty torments Tantalus deſerves,
That thirſts in waves, and viewing banquets ſtarves.
But Venus moſt in ſecrecy delights;
Away, ye bablers, from her ſilent rites!
No pomp her myſteries attend, no noiſe!
No ſounding braſs proclaims the latent joys!

With folded arms the happy pair poſſeſs,
Nor ſhould the fond betraying tongue confeſs
Thoſe raptures, which no language can expreſs.
When naked Venus caſt her robes aſide,
The parts obſcene her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beaſts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
Love darkneſs courts, at moſt a glimm'ring light,
To raiſe our joys, and juſt oblige the ſight.
Ere happy men beneath the roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and ſhade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modeſt, and unſhaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And ſecretly perform'd what love inſpir'd.
Now ſcarce a modiſh fop about the town,
But boaſts with whom, how oft', and where 'twas done;
They taſte no pleaſure, reliſh no delight,
'Till they recount what paſs'd the happy night.
But men of honour always thought it baſe,
To proſtitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blaſt her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furniſh ſcandal for a lew'd lampoon.
And here I muſt ſome guilty arts accuſe,
And diſingenuous ſhifts that lovers uſe,
To wrong the chaſte, and innocent abuſe.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtſhip vain,
Her character with infamy they ſtain:
Deny'd her perſon they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public ſhame.

Go,

Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let ev'ry door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The suff'ring nymph remains expos'd to wrong,
Her name's a prostitute to ev'ry tongue;
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wishes true, believe.
With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults seem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perseus view'd,
He saw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good:
Andromache was tall, yet some report
Her Hector was so blind, he thought her short.
At first what's nauseous, lessens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to please.
The infant plant that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with ev'ry breath of wind:
But shooting upward to a tree at last,
It stems the storm, and braves the strongest blast.
Time will defects and blemishes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unusual scents at first may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd sense.
Her vices soften with some kinder phrase;
If she is swarthy as the negro's face,
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praise.
The ruddy lass must be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.
If pale and meagre, praise her shape and youth,
Active when small, when gross she's plump and smooth.
Ev'ry excess by soft'ning terms disguise,
And in some neighb'ring virtue hide each vice.
Nor ask her age, consult no register,
Under whose reign she's born, or what's the year!

If fading youth chequers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace ſublimer joys are found,
A fruitful ſoil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilſt youth and pleaſures laſt,
Age hurries on, and death purſues too faſt.
Or plough the ſeas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the ſword in thy advent'rous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous ſtrength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleaſure and wealth reward thy pleaſing pains,
The labour's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And ſtill preſerve them in their charming prime;
In vary'd ways they act the pleaſure o'er,
Not pictur'd poſtures can inſtruct you more.
They want no courtſhip to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glows with deſires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the ſoft tranſporting joys,
The frequent ſighs, the tender murm'ring voice:
To ſee her eyes with vary'd pleaſure move,
And all the nymph confeſs the pow'r of love.
Nature's not thus indulgent to the young,
Theſe joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and ſprightly juice refine,
Mellow their ſweets, and make the taſte divine.
To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorge think beyond her mother fair:

But

But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.
One conſcious bed receives the happy pair:
Retire, my muſe; the door demands thy care.
What charming words, what tender things are ſaid,
What language flows without the uſeleſs aid!
There ſhall the roving hand employment find,
Inſpire new flames, and make e'en virgins kind.
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briſeis' flame.
Ah, could thoſe arms, thoſe fatal hands delight!
Inſpire kind thoughts, and raiſe thy appetite!
Cou'dſt thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?
Nor yet with ſpeed the fleeting pleaſures waſte,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haſte:
The baſhful virgin, tho' appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.
Then view her eyes with humid luſtre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye ſhe charms, and wounds the liſt'ning ear.
Defer not then the claſping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raiſe to her heights the tranſports of your ſoul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Obſerve theſe precepts when with leiſure bleſt,
No threatning fears your private hours moleſt;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager ſpeed the haſty joy.

Then

Then ply your oars, then practice this advise,
And ſtrain, with whip and ſpur, to gain the prize.
The work's compleat, triumphant palms prepare,
With flowry wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with med'cines the afflicted part:
Neſtor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot driving ſkill'd;
As Chalchas cou'd explain the myſtic bird,
And Telamon cou'd wield the brandiſh'd ſword:
Such to the town my fam'd inſtructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love.
Me ev'ry youth ſhall praiſe, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuſe my laſting fame.
I arms provide againſt the ſcornful fair,
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war.
Whatever youth ſhall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home;
Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his inſtructed flame,
Inſcribe the ſpoils with my auſpicious name.
The tender girls my precepts next demand;
Them I commit to a more ſkilful hand.

The End of the Second Book.

NOTES on the Second Book.

AND none the soft Chaonian bird molests. The Chaonian bird is the dove.

He needs not, that presents, my useless art. That is, riches will do all things, and interest easily gains a woman's heart, because the sex is generally covetous.

And lions, &c. In some editions, 'tis *tumidosque leones*; in some, *Numidasque leones*; the former does as well as the latter. For 'tis certain, no creature is so stately and fierce as a lion; who, when he's hunted by dogs and huntsmen in the open field, seems to despise his pursuers, and flies slowly from them; but when he's in the woods, and thinks his shame may be sav'd by flight, he runs with great speed to avoid them. The first that ever tam'd a lion was a noble Carthaginian, whose name was Hanno; and he was condemn'd for that very reason: The Carthaginians not thinking their liberty cou'd be secure, while a person liv'd who was able to tame so fierce an animal.

Fiercely Atalanta o'er the forest rov'd. The poet makes use of the example of Atalanta, to shew there's nothing so wild, but may be made gentle.

And grasp the distaff with obedient hands: Speaking of Hercules, who for the love of Omphale us'd the distaff and basket according to the fashion of the Ionian damsels.

And well deserv'd that heav'n whose weight he bore; speaking still of Hercules; who having learn'd astrology of Atlas king of Mauritania, as Diodorus says, the poets feign'd he help'd the same Atlas to bear up the sky.

If she's at law. The Forum was the place where the judges sat to hear causes; and answers to our Westminster-Hall, &c.

Fame

Fame says that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd That was, after he was degraded of his divinity, for the death of the Cyclops: upon which he fled to Thessaly, and submitted to keep Admetus the king's sheep Macrobius interprets this fable by the sun pregnating all the productions of the earth. While Apollo was a shepherd, he fell in love with Isis, a daughter of Macareus and the nymph Oenome; others write he was enamour'd of Alceste, daughter of Pelias, and wife to Admetus.

Thus thro' the boist'rous seas Leander mov'd. Hero, a priestess of Venus, lived near the Hellespont, Leander being in love with her, used to swim over that arm of the sea every night to make her a visit. She directed his course by a light, but it going out one night, Leander was drown'd; upon which she threw herself into the sea

When servants merry make, &c. This has allusion to a festival celebrated at Rome by the servants, in remembrance of a great piece of service their predecessors had done the Romans, soon after the invasion of the Gauls; the time of celebrating it was in July. 'Twas done in honour of Juno Capotrina, according to Macrobius in his Saturnalia, book 1. chap 11. The free maidens and servants, says the same author, sacrific'd on that day to Juno, under a wild fig-tree, call'd in Latin *caprificus*, in memory of that complaisant virtue which inspir'd the servant-maids to expose themselves to the lust and revenge of the enemy, for the preservation of the public honour. For after the Gauls had taken the city, and were driven out again, when things were restor'd to their former order, the neighbouring nations, believing the Romans were very much weaken'd by the late invasion, siege, and sack, took hold of that opportunity to invade them, choosing Posthumius Livius of Fidenes for their chief, and demanded of the senate, That if they would preserve their city and authority, they should send them their wives and daughters. The senators

ſenators taking the matter into conſideration, could not tell what anſwer to return. They knew their own weakneſs, and the ſtrength of their enemies; and in this uncertainty a ſervant-maid call'd Tutela or Philotis, offer'd to go with ſome other maids of the ſame condition to the enemy. This propoſal was generally lik'd, and accordingly the maids were dreſs'd like the wives of ſenators, and the daughters of free-citizens, and went weeping to put themſelves into the hands of the invaders Livius order'd them to be diſpers'd into ſeveral quarters; and, as they had agreed among themſelves, they tempted their new huſbands to drink, pretending that day ought to be celebrated as a feſtival; and when they were almoſt dead drunk, they gave the Romans a ſignal from the top of a fig-tree to fall on. The latter were encamp'd not far off, and at this ſignal they aſſaulted and eaſily maſter'd the enemy's camp, putting moſt of them to the ſword. The ſenate, to reward this important ſervice, order'd that the ſervants ſhould be made free, that they ſhould have portions paid them out of the public treaſury, and allow'd them to wear the ornaments they had taken. The day on which this happy expedition was executed, was call'd the Caprotine Nones, from the wild fig-tree Caprificus, from whence ſignal was given to the Romans to ſally out and gain ſo glorious a victory; in remembrance of which action the ſervants ſacrific'd every year under this, or ſome other fig-tree.

But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verſe. In the original the expreſſion is a little more ſignificant. Indeed what Ovid complains of in his time, may with much more reaſon be exclaim'd againſt now; for the muſes are not only neglected but deſpis'd: However, the poets are reveng'd of thoſe that deſpiſe them, by believing there are more who do it out of ignorance and envy, than out of real contempt; for ſuch a one muſt be a monſter, inſenſible of harmony and wit, reaſon and eloquence. But 'tis too true that learning of all ſorts is not in that eſteem which it was in Auguſtus's

d ya;

days; and if there are a few men who write good books, there are fewer ſtill who read them. Nor are we ſingular in our fortune in England, ſince the French author makes the ſame complaint, and we doubt not 'tis generally all over the world; for if Ovid had reaſon to ſay this in the politeſt court and age that ever was known, 'tis no wonder the ages in their depravity ſhould give much more occaſion for ſuch a ſcandal. What the poet writes of the little eſteem verſe was in, is very agreeable, and one may ſee he ſpeaks from the abundance of his heart. Who is there who cannot as heartily join with him?

Or when ſhe combs, or when ſhe curls her hair. We may perceive that either the ladies were not ſo nice in managing their hair before their lovers, in Ovid's time; or, that the ladies he ſpeaks of were not the niceſt. They curl'd their hair with a bodkin, and ſometimes with a hot iron, as in our days; but they ſhew'd more of it, than 'tis the faſhion with the modern ladies.

The next care Ovid recommends to the lover is the complaiſance he is to obſerve towards his miſtreſs when ſhe is ſick; and the poet here ſacrifices his delicacy to his tenderneſs.

Think nothing nauſeous in her loath'd diſeaſe,
But with your ready hand contrive to pleaſe.
Weep in her ſight, then fonder kiſſes give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.

The dreadful bull. This and the following ſimiles are taken from country affairs, which have an agreeable effect on this occaſion, when the poet ſpeaks of the tendency of every living thing to love.

When Sparta's prince Menelaus was then abſent in Crete, whither he and his brother Agamemnon went to divide the eſtate left them by their father Atreus.

Nor drunkard by th' Aonian God poſſeſt Aonia is taken here for Bœotia, of which Thebes was the capital, where Bacchus was born; and the fury that tran-

ſports

ſports people when they are drunk, is very well compared to that of wild beaſts and vipers.

Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea ſpilt. Medea, to be reveng'd of Jaſon for his inconſtancy, murder'd her own children after they had liv'd together ten years with Creon king of Corinth: She did this when Jaſon left her to marry Creuſa; or, as Diodorus names her, Glauca, the king's daughter: From thence he fled to Thebes; and thence to Ægius, king of Athens, who baniſh'd her. Some authors write ſhe burnt Jaſon and Creuſa, by ſetting their palace on fire. What is more certain is, that Euripides has written a very fine tragedy on this ſubject; and 'tis ſaid Ovid did the ſame.

And Progne's unrelenting fury proves Progne, wife of Tereus king of Thrace, who kill'd her own daughters, and preſented them to her huſband, becauſe he had raviſh'd her ſiſter Philomela.

While with a wife Atrides liv'd content. Agamemnon, ſon of Atreus, whoſe wife Ovid thinks would not have been ſo impudent, if he himſelf had been conſtant, and had not raviſh'd Briſeis and Caſſandra Briſeis was the daughter of the king of Lyrneſi, a city on the frontiers of Troas, over againſt Leſbos.

And took Ægiſtus to her injur'd arms. Ægiſtus the ſon of Thyeſtes and Pelopeia, his own daughter, kill'd his uncle Atreus and his ſon Agamemnon, whoſe wife Clytemneſtra he had debauch'd, and was himſelf kill'd by her ſon Oreſtes, to revenge the death of Agamemnon his father.

Some pepper bruis'd, with ſeeds of nettles join,
And clary ſteep. This makes the ſenſe of the author plain, by the infamous uſe of ſuch draughts. Ovid calls it *ſaturea*, or ſavoury Others give it the term of *ſatureia*; and Pliny and Columella of *thymbra*, becauſe it taſted very much of thyme. Some imagine 'twas call'd *ſaturea* of Satyrs; others derive it from *ſaturitate*. The quality of this plant is very hot, according to the ſeveral obſervations of Dioſcorides, and his commentator Mathiolus.

The Goddess worshipp'd by th' Erycian swains
Megara's white shallot, so fam'd, disdains. Mount Eryx in Sicily was so call'd from Eryx a son of Venus; who having taken a certain king call'd Bula to her arms, had this child by him. He built a temple here to his mother, when he arriv'd to man's estate, who from thence had the name of Erycinian, or Erycina: We have made bold to use the word Erycian of Eryx for the sake of the measure.

New eggs they take. Especially hens and patridges, which, as Almanzor teaches, are wonderfully provocative. Pliny says they are very nourishing, if not eaten to excess. Horace prefers your longish eggs to those that are round.

And honey's liquid juice. The poet says honey of Hymetta, from a hill in Attica, where flowers grew continually, and excellent honey was made, as Strabo witnesses, as well as Pliny and several others. The honey of Hybla, in Sicily, was also in great esteem. That of Narbonne in France, and Hampshire in England, has as good a name as the Hymetian or Hyblæan honey. The kernels of the pine apple and pistachos are mention'd by the author, as provocatives; and Pliny observes they strengthen the reins.

First know yourself. This was a saying of Chilo the Lacedæmonian, who was one of the seven wise men of Greece. Pliny mentions him; and this saying was so highly esteem'd, that 'twas written in letters of gold in the temple at Delphos.

What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed. Athos is a mountain in Macedonia or Thrace according to Stephanus; which Xerxes, as Pliny tells us, divided 1500 paces from the continent; 'tis so high, that its top is above the region of the clouds.

Our poet says here, this mountain was full of hares of some sort or other; for there are several kinds of them. Hyblea, or Hybla in Sicily, Thucydides informs us, took its name from a king call'd Hyblus, and that 'twas afterwards nam'd Megara; there were abundance of

of bees in the country about it, and thence it became so famous for honey, as Ovid takes notice more than once.

For what escapes the sun's observing rays? The sun sees all things, and nothing can avoid being seen by it, any more than it can dispense with being warm'd by it.

A journey feigns. To Lemnos, as the poet says, an island in the Ægean sea, over-against mount Athos, according to Pliny Ephestiæ and Myrine were two cities in it, in ancient times, whither, during the solstice, the mountain us'd to send its shade. 'Twas in this isle that Vulcan fell, when his father Jupiter flung him from heaven; and he then became a cripple, as we find in Valerius Flaccus, book 11.

To Paphos she retires. Paphos is a city in Cyprus sometimes call'd Paphos, sometimes Palæpaphos, or antient Paphos. 'Twas consecrated to Venus; and she was for that reason nam'd Paphian, and Palæpaphian Venus. Ovid gives her also the name of Diana, who was the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, and begat Venus by Jupiter, wherefore she goes by that nymph her mother's name.

Never his intercepted joys disclose. He means intercepting a rival's letter, and discovering the contents. To intercept letters, and divulge a secret, was a crime punishable by the laws, by banishment, or interdiction of fire and water, by which was understood exile.

What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expose. This is a simile, and shews us, 'twas not lawful to reveal the mysteries of Ceres. Macrobius, in the 11th chapter of his 1st book upon Scipio's dream, writes, That the philosopher Numenius, being too curious to know the secrets of hidden things, incurr'd the wrath of the Gods, by divulging the Eleusinian mysteries, which were the same with those of Ceres.

Or Juno's solemn mysteries, &c. In Latin, *Magnaque Threicia sacra reperta Samo?* Samos in Thrace, or Samothrace, where the sacred mysteries of Ceres were celebrated, as Diodorus writes in his 6th book.

Samothrace was an island, call'd before that Dardania. A queen of the Amazons, whose name was Myrrhina, having conquer'd several islands, was in danger of perishing in a storm; out of which escaping, she vow'd a sacrifice to the mother of the Gods, and arriv'd in this island, which was then desert. Here she was warn'd in a dream, to consecrate it to that Goddess, which she did, built a temple, and celebrated feasts in her honour, calling the island by the name of Samothrace. Some historians however write, that it was at first call'd Samos by the people of the country, and afterwards Samothrace by the Thracians, who came to inhabit it.

His witty torments Tantalus deserves Tantalus, king of Phrygia and Paphlagonia, according to the poets the son of Jupiter and Plota He entertained the Gods at his table, cut his son Pelops in pieces, and served him up with the meat The Gods discovered it, would not eat, only Ceres, being thinking on Proserpine, eat his left shoulder Jupiter raised him to life again, and gave him a shoulder of ivory instead of that which had been eaten. As for Tantalus he was condemned to hell to eternal hunger and thirst. He stood in a lake to the chin, where the water went back, whensoever he would be supping; and the branch of fruit that hung over him, always deceived him in the very expectation.

But boasts with whom, &c. And who is there so ignorant as not to know, the fops of our age are exactly like those in Ovid's.

Naked Andromeda when Perseus view'd,

He saw her faults, &c. That is, she was swarthy, or had not a good skin and complexion, yet Perseus lik'd her, deliver'd her from the sea monster, and married her. This fable every body knows.

Andromache was tall. The poet means she was very tall, and so much that 'twas rather a disadvantage than a beauty, yet Hector thought she was of a moderate height. This princess was the daughter of Ætion king of Thebes, and Hector's wife.

Not

Not pictur'd postures, &c. He speaks of obscene pictures representing nudities, and different postures, such as Carraccio's and Aretin's in latter days. For there was as bad in old times compos'd by Elephantis, from which Tiberius took the figures that were painted in his bed-chamber and closet.

There are too many of these infamous paintings in our time, and 'tis pity the use of snuff has given occasion to introduce them into some companies, where such things should be held in detestation.

Give me enjoyment, &c. From this and the following verses we may perceive our poet abhorr'd the gallantry too much practis'd among the Romans then, and Italians now, as well as in the eastern countries.

As Calchas could explain the mystic bird. As he could observe the flights of birds, or the entrails of beasts. Calchas was the son of Thestor, as Homer writes in his first Iliad, famous for his skill in the art of divination, which he learnt of Apollo. He accompanied the Greeks to the siege of Troy, tho' he was himself a Trojan, if we may believe Dictys Cretensis; but, says he, 'twas by Apollo's order. And Servius informs us, that finding Mopsus excell'd him in his own art, he died of grief.

And lead his Amazon in triumph home. This he speaks by way of metaphor for some lady hard to be overcome, as if all lovers were warriors.

OVID's

OVID's

ART of LOVE.

BOOK III.

Tranſlated by Mr CONGREVE.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare:
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair.
Both ſexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty love determine which ſhall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal force againſt a naked foe:
No glory from ſuch conqueſt can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave diſdain'd.
  But, ſome exclaim, what phrenſy rules your mind?
Would you increaſe the craft of woman kind!
Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you may
Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey.
But ſure too hard a cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all, the failings of a few:
Examine, firſt, impartially each fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If Menelaus, and the king of men,
With juſtice of their ſiſter-wives complain;

If

If falſe Eriphyle forſook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her huſband's death;
Penelope was loyal ſtill, and chaſte,
Tho' twenty years her lord in abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd,
Who, tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her huſband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceſte's piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her life, to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, Capaneus, Evadne cry'd;
Nor death itſelf our nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire.
She ſaid, and leap'd amidſt the fun'ral fire.
Virtue herſelf a goddeſs we confeſs,
Both female in her name and in her dreſs;
No wonder then, if to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little ſail.
Of ſportful loves I ſing, and ſhew what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe, her bleſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart;
Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with care,
You'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs Jaſon from Medea fled,
And made Creuſa partner of his bed.

Bright

Bright Ariadne, on an unknown ſhore,
Thy abſence, perjur'd Theſeus, did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air,
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theſeus, to thy care.
Inquire the cauſe, and let Demophoon tell,
Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She ſought th' appointed ſhore, and view'd the ſea:
Her fall the fading trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince ſo far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languiſhing with grief,
His ſword alone he left, thy laſt relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, ſhall I the cauſe impart
Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art:
Love, of itſelf, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful art perpetuates deſire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.
Before my ſight the Cyprian goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; *What have poor women done?*
Why is that weak, defenceleſs ſex expos'd;
On ev'ry ſide, by men well arm'd, inclos'd?
Twice are the men inſtructed by thy muſe,
Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the ſex refuſe.
The bard who injur'd Helen in his ſong,
Recanted after, and redreſs'd the wrong.
And you, if on my favour you depend,
The cauſe of women, while you live, defend.
This ſaid, a myrtle ſprig, with berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath ſhe wore.)

The

The gift receiv'd, my ſenſe enlighten'd grew,
And from her preſence inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd.
And hear my precepts while ſhe prompts my mind.
E'en now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waſte your time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet delight:
For rolling years, like ſtealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever ebbing tide:
Think not, hereafter will the loſs repay;
For ev'ry morrow will the taſte decay,
And leave leſs reliſh than the former day.
I've ſeen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming roſe vy'd with the bluſhing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And ſee how leafleſs now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-ſick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will preſs upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to ſtrew your ſtreet with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at your doors will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs hammer, then, may ruſt in peace.
Alas, how ſoon a clear complexion fades!
How ſoon a wrinkled ſkin plump fleſh invades!
And what avails it, tho' the fair one ſwears
She from her infancy had ſome gray hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The ſnake his ſkin, the deer his horns may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigour paſs'd:
But no receipt can human kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprive.

Then

Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its ſtalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender ſex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too ſoon will youth impair:
Continual harveſt wears the fruitful field,
And earth itſelf decays, too often till'd.
Thou did'ſt not, Cynthia, ſcorn the Latmian ſwain;
Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus diſdain;
The Paphian queen, who, for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refuſe not thoſe delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languiſh with deſire.
Falſe tho' they prove, what loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' conſtant uſe, e'en flint and ſteel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women loſe, you cry, if men obtain:
What do they loſe, that's worthy to retain?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the ſex,
But undeceive whom needleſs fears perplex.
Thus far a gentle breeze ſupplies our ſail,
Now launch'd to ſea, we aſk a briſker gale.
And, firſt, we treat of dreſs. The well dreſs'd vine
Produces plumpeſt grapes, and richeſt wine;
And plentuous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.

Beauty's

Beauty's the gift of Gods, the ſex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women ſlighted dreſs,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If Hector's ſpouſe was clad in ſtubborn ſtuff,
A ſoldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample breaſt, provides
Seven luſty bulls, and tans their ſturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude ſimplicity Rome firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This capitol with that of old compare;
Some other Jove you'd think was worſhipp'd there.
That lofty pile where ſenates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with ſtraw:
And where Apollo's fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a tract of paſture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And diſtant ſhores for orient pearls are ſought:
Nor for, that hills exhauſt their marble veins,
And ſtructures riſe whoſe bulk the ſea reſtrains:
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the ruſt of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry, or brocade, appear;
Too rich a dreſs may ſometimes check deſire,
And cleanlineſs more animate love's fire.

The

The hair dispos'd may gain or lose a grace,
And much become, or misbecome the face.
What suits your features, of your glass enquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long shou'd part and flat the hair,
Lest, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
Shou'd shew the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
On either shoulder one her locks displays,
Adorn'd like Phœbus when he sings his lays:
Another all her tresses ties behind;
So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some;
Others the binding fillets more become:
Some plat, like spiral shells, their braided hair,
Others the loose and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the several dresses worn,
Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are, who seem to slight all care,
And with a pleasing negligence insnare;
Whole mornings, oft, in such a dress are spent,
And all is art, that looks like accident.
With such disorder Iole was grac'd,
When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.
Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
The losses they sustain, by various ways.
Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.

Women, with juice of herbs, gray locks disguise,
And art gives colour which with nature vies:
The well-wove tours they wear, their own are thought,
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready dress'd,
And choose at public shops what suits 'em best.
Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye:
What folly must in such expence appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear!
One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view;
With yellow lustre see another spread,
As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread.
Some of the sea-green wave the cast display;
With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array:
And some the safforn hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.
Of myrtle-berries, one, the tincture shows;
In this, of amethysts, the purple glows,
And that, more imitates the paler rose.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
Nor almond, nor the chesnut dye disclaim,
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find with various flow'rs o'erspread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
Try ev'ry one, what best becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the skin, black may become it best,
In black the lovely fair Briseis dress'd:

If

If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
Andromeda ſo charm'd the wond'ring ſight.
I need not warn you of too pow'rful ſmells,
Which, ſometimes health, or kindly heat expels.
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The caſual growth of all unſeemly hair.
Tho' not to nymphs of Caucaſus I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the Myſian ſpring;
Yet, let me warn you, that thro' no neglect
You let your teeth diſcloſe the leaſt defect.
You know the uſe of *white* to make you fair,
And how, with *red*, loſt colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And ſkin, when wanting, o'er a ſcar extend.
Nor need the fair one be aſham'd, who tries,
By art, to add new luſtre to her eyes.
A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preſerve the face, and how repair.
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May ſee what pains to pleaſe 'em I've employ'd.
But ſtill beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Tho' art aſſiſts, yet muſt that art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.
Who would not take offence, to ſee a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted greaſe?
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unſav'ry ſcent is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of ſtags, nor your *pomatums* try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the ſight.

Even Myro's ſtatues, which for art ſurpaſs
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs maſs;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unſhorn.
Think, how that ſtone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect Venus ſhews to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from obſervers, in ſome ſecret place:
Add the laſt hand, before yourſelves you ſhow;
Your need of art why ſhould your lover know?
For many things, when moſt conceal'd, are beſt;
And few of ſtrict inquiry bear the teſt.
Thoſe figures which in theatres are ſeen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no ſpectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords delight
To have the fair one comb her hair in ſight:
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her ſhoulders ſpread.
But let her look that ſhe with care avoid
All fretful humours while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh haſte,
All that her woman does, who does her beſt.
I hate a vixon, that her maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her bodkin or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears muſt mourn,
And her heart curſes, what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but ſome,
Plant centinels before her dreſſing-room;
Or in the fane of the good Goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd acceſs.

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, that I, (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A lady at her toilet once ſurpriz'd;
Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in haſte the tour ſhe wore,
And in her hurry plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall ev'ry ſuch diſgrace,
Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches beſt adorn,
A leafleſs tree, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairleſs head.

But think not theſe inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate beauties of the finiſh'd kind:
Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, theſe my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whoſe charms
Stir'd up Atrides and all Greece to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won;
What lover or what huſband would not fight
In ſuch a cauſe, where both are in the right?

The crowd I teach, ſome homely and ſome fair;
But of the former ſort the larger ſhare.
The handſome leaſt require the help of art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with nature's part.
When calm the ſea, at eaſe the pilot lies,
But all his ſkill exerts when ſtorms ariſe.

Faults in your perſon, or your face, correct;
And few are ſeen that have not ſome defect.
The nymph too ſhort, her ſeat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt when ſhe ſtands ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her couch ſhe lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her ſize.

The lean of thick-wrought ſtuff her clothes ſhould chooſe,
And fuller made than what the plumper uſe.
If pale, let her the crimſon juice apply;
If ſwarthy, to the Pharian varniſh fly.
A leg too lank, tight garters ſtill muſt wear;
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd foot be ever bare.
Round ſhoulders, bolſter'd, will appear the leaſt;
And lacing ſtrait, confines too full a breaſt.
Whoſe fingers are too fat, and nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much geſture in diſcourſe.
And you whoſe breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another, ſpeak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whoſe teeth are black, uneven, or unſound.
You'd hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or ſpoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your gums,
And loſe the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your ſides too ſtrong concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the ſoftneſs of the ſex forſake.
In ſome, diſtortions quite the face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one, too hoarſe a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd.
What cannot art attain! Many, with eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they pleaſe.
Others, thro' affectation, liſp; and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too maſculine a motion ſhocks the ſight;
But female grace allures with ſtrange delight.

One

One has an artful ſwing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the ſwelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they looſely flow,
And ev'ry ſtep and graceful motion ſhow.
Another, like an Umbrian's ſturdy ſpouſe,
Strides all the ſpace her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjuſt,
Nor ſhew too nice a gate, nor too robuſt.

If ſnowy white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left arm, bare;
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.

Sirens, tho' monſters of the ſtormy main,
Can ſhips, when under ſail, with ſongs, detain:
Scarce could Ulyſſes by his friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
Singing inſinuates: Learn all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perſuades.
Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
Or in Ruelles ſome ſoft Egyptian air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſts to liſten ſtaid,
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd,
Even Cerberus and hell that ſound obey'd.
And ſtones officious were, thy walls to raiſe,
O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays.
The dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion, by thy ſongs inſpir'd.

Of ſweet Callimachus the works rehearſe,
And read Philetas and Anacreon's verſe:
Terentian plays may much thy mind improve;
But ſoftest Sappho beſt inſtructs to love.

Propertius,

Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verſe to theſe ſucceed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruſe;
Of all the Latian bards the nobleſt muſe.
Even I, 'tis poſſible, in after-days,
May 'ſcape oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labour'd lines ſome readers may approve,
Since I've inſtructed either ſex in love.
Whatever book you read of this ſoft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.
Tender epiſtles too by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
Such was your ſacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine Apollo, and Lycæus, thine!
Still unaccompliſh'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witneſs the well kept dancers of the ſtage.
Of ſome odd trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Tho' it becomes the ſex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at cheſs to be expert,
For games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of uſe;
Parties begun at play, may love produce:
But eaſier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each breaſt is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then baſe deſire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears;

Then

Then clamours and revilings reach the ſky,
While loſing gameſters all the Gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay weep at laſt.
Good Jove-avert ſuch ſhameful faults as theſe
From ev'ry nymph whoſe heart's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher ſports deſign'd;
To wield the ſword, and hurl the pointed ſpear;
To ſtop, or turn the ſteed, in full career.
Tho' martial fields ill ſuit your tender frames,
Nor may you ſwim in Tiber's rapid ſtreams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing virgin's ſign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you ſhould repair
To pleaſant walks, and breathe refreſhing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the ſhady groves
Which Cæſar honours, and which Phœbus loves:
Phœbus, who ſunk the proud Ægyptian fleet,
And made Auguſtus' victory complete.
Or ſeek thoſe ſhades where monuments of fame
Are rais'd to Livia's and Octavia's name;
Or, where Agrippa firſt adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Iſis' fane, to theatres reſort;
And in the Circus ſee the noble ſport.
In ev'ry public place, by turns, be ſhown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in ſinging, Thamyras tranſcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your ſkill commend?
Had not Appelles drawn the ſea-born queen,
Her beauties, ſtill, beneath the waves had been.

Poets

Poets inſpir'd write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of Gods and kings the moſt peculiar care:
Majeſtic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And next his own the poet's ſtatue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still there's a pleaſure that proceeds from praiſe:
What could the high renown of Homer raiſe,
But that he ſung his Iliad's deathleſs lays?

Who cou'd have been of Danae's charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her tow'r immur'd?
This, as a rule, let ev'ry nymph purſue,
That 'tis her int'reſt oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, thro' many to make ſure of one.
So let the fair the gazing croud aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.
In ev'ry place to pleaſe be all her thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon, the ſtag himſelf ſhall ſeek the toil.

How cou'd Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whoſe charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who ſees her lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new deſire,
And Hymen's torch relight with fun'ral fire.

Beware of men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd;
And look you ſly with ſpeed a fop profeſs'd.

Such

Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that unsteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
Believe me, all I say is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.
Many, with base designs, will passion feign,
Who know no love, but sordid love of gain.
But let no powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, easy hearts ensnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common sharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lover burn with fierce desire
Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.
Poor Chloe robb'd runs crying thro' the streets;
And as she runs, *Give me my own* repeats.
How often, Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
Some, so notorious are their very name,
Must ev'ry nymph, whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has so oft the attesting Gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.
Promise for promise equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For she for any act of hell is fit,
And undismay'd may sacrilege commit;

With

With impious hands cou'd quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband in her arms for hire,
Who first to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
  But hold, my muse, check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.
  If love epistles tender lines impart,
And *billet-doux* are sent, to sound your heart,
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be secretly convey'd.
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.
Ere in return you write, some time require;
Delays, if not too long, increase desire:
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain.
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increase,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.
  Be sure avoid set phrases when you write,
The usual way of speech is more polite.
How have I seen the puzzl'd lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A stile too coarse takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.
  But since (tho' chastity be not your care)
You from your husband still wou'd hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger, 'till his truth be try'd;
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!

Such

Such treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe diſcov'ries, ſure as light'ning, blaſt.
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhou'd with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But ſince your letters may be brought to light,
What if in ſev'ral hands you learn to write?
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
Firſt rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you ſubſcribe a female name.

Now, greater things to tell, my muſe prepare,
And clap on all the ſail the bark can bear.
Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place,
For fury will deform the fineſt face:
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek: She flung it quick aſide,
Nor is thy muſic ſo much worth, ſhe cry'd.
Look in your glaſs when you with anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know.
Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the ſight,
For gentle looks alone to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome Airs diſguſt create,
" *Like things which by antipathy we hate!*"

Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So, love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad Tecmeſſa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mournful beauties ſullen heroes move;
We chearful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, waſtes all the night.
Had they not both bore children (to be plain)
I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their huſbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their lords
My life, my ſoul; or ſpeak endearing words.
Why from compariſons ſhou'd I refrain,
Or fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent gen'rals uſe,
And how their ſeveral officers they chooſe;
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horſe is thought more fit.
So you your ſeveral lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend;
The lawyer ſhou'd, in courts, your cauſe defend.
We, who write verſe, with verſe alone ſhou'd bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame ſhall thro' the world be blaz'd;
So Nemeſis, ſo Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From eaſt to weſt I your' praiſes ring;
Nor are Corinna's ſilent, whom we ſing.

No

No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere:
Nor wealth he ſeeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But ſhuns the bar; and books and ſhades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With eaſe we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our ſofter ſtudies with our ſouls combine,
And both to tenderneſs our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
The God that fills him, and the muſe revere;
Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
Th' inſpiring ſpirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis ſin, a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a ſin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from ſight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new admirer fright.
As ſkilful riders rein, with diff'rent force,
A new-back'd courſer, and a well train'd horſe;
Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind careſſes oft indulge the boy,
And all the harveſt of his heart enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of rivals moſt beware;
Nor love, nor empire, can a partner bear.
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth diſdains, endure;
No windows break, nor houſes ſet on fire,
Nor tear their own, or miſtreſſes attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs reſent:

As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;
Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus, all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How surely to enslave ourselves, we show.
To trust a traitor, you'll no scruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose;
Wou'd you retain him long? then long refuse.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and intreat.
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.
Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
Here's no admittance, Sir; I must deny:
The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid aside,
I now sharp weapons for the sex provide;
Nor doubt, against myself, to see 'em try'd.

When first a lover you design to charm,
Beware lest jealousies his soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else wou'd languish, and too soon grow old.
Then strains the courser to outstrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.

Love

Love, when extinct, ſuſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your huſband's ſpies beſet the door:
Tho' free as Thais, ſtill affect a fright;
For ſeeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in through your windows ſteal,
Tho' he might enter at the door as well.
And, ſometimes, let your maid ſurprize pretend,
And beg you in ſome hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon, diſpel his fear,
And let him taſte of happineſs ſincere;
Leſt, quite diſhearten'd with too much fatigue,
He ſhou'd grow weary of the dull intrigue.
But I forget to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the huſband and the ſpy.
That wives ſhou'd of their huſbands ſtand in awe,
Agrees with juſtice, modeſty, and law:
But that a miſtreſs may be lawful prize,
None, but her keeper, I am ſure, denies.
For ſuch fair nymphs theſe precepts are deſign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Tho' ſtuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you ſhall elude his care.
When you to waſh or bathe retire from ſight,
Can he obſerve what letters then you write?
Or can his caution againſt ſuch provide,
Which, in her breaſt, your confident may hide?
Can he the note beneath the garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her ſhoe?

Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And, writing on her skin your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen.
Fair will the paper shew, nor can be read,
'Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.
Acresius was, with all his care, betray'd!
And in his tow'r of brass a grandsire made.
Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
Or can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybele's, whose rights all men exclude?
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.
Sometimes with wine your watchful follow'r treat;
When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat:
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes:
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign;
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.
But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and Gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is appeas'd.
With presents fools and wise alike are caught,
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.

But

But let me warn you, when you bribe a ſpy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with ſuch men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cauſe complain'd
Of jealouſy occaſion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehenſions of that kind,
Are not alone to our falſe ſex confin'd.
Truſt not too far your ſhe-companion's truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhou'd intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover in your ſtead.
Nor keep a ſervant with too fair a face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her lady's place.

But whither do I run with heedleſs rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare!
Was ever hound inſtructed by the hare?
But all ſelf-ends and int'reſt ſet a part,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
Defenceleſs and unarm'd expoſe my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondneſs of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himſelf, he your deſign will aid!
To what we wiſh, 'tis eaſy to perſuade.
With dying eyes, his face and form ſurvey,
Then ſigh, and wonder he ſo long cou'd ſtay:
Now drop a tear, your ſorrows to aſſuage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as theſe will all diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive love.

Scarce-

Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond creature die?
But chiefly, one ſuch fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glaſs, and his own charms admires.
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddeſs might with eaſe be won.
Light wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtraight fly out, when you a rival fear.
Let not your paſſions o'er your ſenſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a ſad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.
Near, where his purple head Hymettus ſhows
And flow'ring hills, a ſacred fountain flows,
With ſoft and verdant turf the ſoil is ſpread,
And ſweetly ſmelling ſhrubs the ground o'erſhade.
There roſemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's ſcent combine.
There tamariſks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytiſus, and garden-pines, abound.
While through the boughs, ſoft winds of Zephyr paſs,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of graſs.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt:
And, thus, to Air, the panting youth wou'd pray;
Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay.
But ſome tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealouſy ſurpriz'd, and fainting fears

Her

Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies like death supply'd the place;
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the winter's blast receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.
Now, all dishevel'd, to the wood she flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd; she leaves, below, her friends;
And, all alone, the shady hill ascends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus, fatally, to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought)
She, now, shall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs,
And now to go, and now to stay inclines:
Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to find.
But, still, the rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more suspicious still the place appears:
But more than all, excessive love deceives,
Which, all it fears too easily believes.
And now a chilness runs thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
The scorching ardour of the mid-day's sun:
With water, first, he sprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat; then sought his usual place.
Procris, with anxious, but with silent care,
View'd him extended, with his bosom bare;

And

And heard him, ſoon, th' accuſtom'd words repeat,
Come Zephyr, Aura come, allay this heat.
Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.
With joy ſhe roſe to claſp him in her arms:
But Cephalus the ruſtling noiſe alarms:
Some beaſt he thinks he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtraight, his arrows and his bow prepares,
Hold! hold! unhappy youth!——I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou haſt thy Procris ſlain.
Me, me, (ſhe cries) *thou'ſt wounded with thy dart:*
But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
Yet lighter on my aſhes earth will lie,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die!
Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
Jealous of air, to air I yield my breath.
Cloſe to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd with ſtreaming tears the wound he made:
At length the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp her huſband's lips receive.

Now to purſue our voyage we muſt provide,
'Till, ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhou'd teach
What rules, to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a feaſt;
Rather, come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt:
For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome, when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexions of a coarſer kind,
From candle-light no ſmall advantage find.
During the time you eat, obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;

Nor

Nor yet too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extremes in either kind beware.
And ſtill, before your belly's full forbear.
No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
Tho' more than Helen ſhe in charms abound.
I own, I think of wine the moderate uſe
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And wine and love has always been allies.
But carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink 'till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep;
For in ſuch ſleeps brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loath, you have no pow'r to ſhun.
And now th' inſtructed nymph from table led,
Shou'd next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modeſty forbids: Nor more my muſe,
With weary wings, the labour'd flight purſues:
Her purple ſwans unyok'd, the chariot leave,
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive.
Thus, with impartial care, my art I ſhow,
And equal arms on either ſex beſtow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid, muſt own, their maſter is in love.

The End of the Third Book.

NOTES on the Third Book.

IF Menelaus, and the king of men. Agamemnon and Menelaus, two brothers, married two ſiſters, Clytemneſtra and Helena, daughters of Tyndarus king of Lacedæmon: The ſtory is well known. Both the ſiſters preferr'd gallants to their huſbands beds; and if Helena had her Paris, Clytemneſtra had her Ægiſtheus.

If falſe Eriphyle forſook her faith. Eriphyle, daughter of Talaon king of Argos, and wife of Amphiarus, being covetous of a gold chain, which Venus had given Hermione, and which Polynice's wife had received as a preſent from that unfortunate prince, he gave it her on condition ſhe oblig'd her huſband to go to the Theban war, in which he knew he would periſh; and ſhe prevail'd with him to go. This princeſs being thus the occaſion of her huſband's death, is often repreſented as an inſtance of the falſehood and vanity of the ſex.

Penelope was loyal. Penelope, daughter of Icarus and Polycaſta. Her chaſtity is often mention'd to the reputation of the fair.

To ſhare her huſband's fate. Proteſilaus, Laodamia's huſband, was the firſt Greek that was killed in the Trojan war, to which he went with forty ſhips. When his wife Laodamia, Acaſtus's daughter, heard the news, ſhe paſſionately deſir'd to ſee his ghoſt; which being granted her by the gods, ſhe embrac'd it ſo cloſely that ſhe periſh'd in its embraces.

Think how Alceſtis' piety was prov'd. Alceſtis, Admetus's wife, who offer'd to die to lengthen her huſband's life: She was a Theſſalian, and daughter of Pelias.

Receive me, Capaneus, Evadne cry'd. There were

three famous ladies of this name. The first daughter of Neptune and Pilanes, who was bred upon the banks of the Eurotas. The second was daughter of king Pelias, whom Jason gave in marriage to Oeneus, son of Cephalus king of the Phoceans; and the third, daughter of Iphias. She marry'd Capaneus, who signaliz'd himself in the Theban war, of which the poet speaks here.

Virtue herself a goddess we confess. She was represented at Rome in a woman's habit, and a temple and altars were dedicated to her. The poet vindicates the sex by this saying in a very high degree, as if virtue, by being a goddess, was more the ladies than the mens. In the 7th book of Livy's second Punick war, and in Valerius Maximus, we find mention made of a temple to Virtue, built by Marcellus.

Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.

Nine times, &c. Phyllis, daughter of Lycurgus king of Thrace, despairing of the return of Demophoon son of Thesens, to whom she had granted her last favours, was about to hang herself; when, as the fable says, the Gods, in compassion to her, turn'd her to an almond-tree without leaves: Demophoon some time after this returning, went and embrac'd his metamorphos'd mistress, and the tree afterwards put forth leaves hence called Phulla, but formerly Petala. *Nine times*, to shew that she as often went to the sea-side expecting to meet him.

The prince so far, &c. Æneas and Dido. The pious hero excus'd his falsehood by the injunction of the Gods.

The bard who injur'd Helen. The poet Stesichorus, on whose lips a nightingale sung when he was a child, a sure prognostic of his being a famous poet. Pliny writes thus of him. He wrote a bitter satire against Helen, for which her brothers Castor and Pollux pluck'd out his eyes; but some time after he was restor'd to his sight, having recanted in his *Palinodia*, a poem quite contrary to the former.

The

The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn. Tho' Ovid has not gone very far out of the way for his simile, yet in this place it has a good effect; as also in another, where he says,

None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to strew your street with morning flow'rs.

The expression is gallant, and we easily comprehend what the author means by the first verse. When a fair lady has outlived her charms, who will be at the pains of breaking her windows or doors out of rage and despair? The second verse alludes to a piece of gallantry in use among the Roman lovers, to strew flowers before the doors of their mistresses.

Thou did'st not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian swain: Endymion, with whom, according to that fable, the moon fell in love, and descended to converse with him on mount Latmos in Caria; because, as Pliny says, he was the first who observ'd the motion of that planet.

Witness Harmonia, and the Dardan prince. Harmonia or Hermione, daughter of Mars and Venus, was marry'd to Cadmus.

Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt. Aurea Roma. Some think he alludes to the capitol only, which was gilt; but the version renders the true meaning of the original, where the poet wou'd only say, Rome was then opulent and magnificent, as indeed it was, especially if compared to Rome in Romulus's days, as the poet intimates.

This capitol with that of old compare. The capitol was a hill in Rome, so call'd from a man's head which was found there as the Romans were digging the foundation of the temple of Jupiter. It first went by the name of Saturnian, and afterwads by that of Tarpeian, from the name of the vestal Tarpeia, who was crush'd to death with the weight of the arms of the Sabines that were thrown upon her, after she deliver'd the place to them on condition those arms shou'd be given her. Tarquin built a temple there, which was

dedicated by the conſul Horatius. This edifice being, as Appian writes, deſtroy'd in the civil wars, Sylla rebuilt it, and Catullus dedicated it. Veſpaſian reſtor'd it after he had put an end to the war againſt the Vitellians, or the party of Vitellius: 'Twas not many years before 'twas burnt, and Domitian rebuilt it again, as Tacitus reports in his 10th book.

That lofty pile where ſenates dictate law. Varro writes there were two ſorts of courts in the capitol; One for the delivering ſacred matters, and the other for affairs of ſtate. Both the one and the other were call'd *Curia*, *à curando*, from the care that was taken there: One went by the name of Hoſtilia, from Hoſtilius, the fourth king of Rome; and before this were the Roſtra; which took their names from the heads of ſhips that were hung up there, as may be ſeen in the 8th book of Livy, and here was the tribunal for the pleaders. Pedianus obſerves it join'd the court of which Ovid ſpeaks.

And where Apollo's fane refulgent ſtands. Meaning the temple Auguſtus built near his palace, and joining to the famous library of Greek and Latin books which Propertius ſo well deſcribes.

But, to recount the ſeveral dreſſes worn. By this we perceive the Roman ladies were as fond of faſhions, as the French, or the Engliſh, too much their imitators.

With ſuch diſorder Iole was grac'd. Iole, daughter of Eurytus king of Oechalia, and Hercules's wife. He took her from her father by force, becauſe the king wou'd not conſent to it, when he return'd from Ætolia, where he had married Deianira.

Men ill ſupply thoſe hairs, &c. Whereas Pliny obſerves that women rarely ſhed their hair, eunuchs, not at all; and no body, if we may believe him, *ante Veneris uſum*, neither on the hind-part of the heads, nor about their temples and ears; for there is no animal that turns bald, except man. Thoſe that are naturally bald, cannot be ſaid to turn ſo.

Women,

Women, with juice of herbs, &c. They dy'd their hair with the juice of herbs, according to the fashion of the Germans, who make use of certain herbs to black their hair, or dye them of any other colour to disguise their age, and appear young.

Or with the Tyrian dye. The Tyrian scarlet was the finest dye in the world, preferable to that of Amyclea near Sparta, tho' that was also excellent. This scarlet is often confounded with purple, of which there were two sorts, one of a pomegranate colour, as the African, and the other of the reddish scarlet, as the Tyrian.

As if the golden fleece, &c. The colour like that of Phryxus's ram. He was the son of Athamas king of Thebes, and to avoid the anger of Ino, his mother-in-law, fled with his sister Helle upon a ram with a golden fleece. His sister tumbling into the sea, gave it the name of Hellespont, but he arriving at Colchos sacrific'd the ram to Mars, who plac'd it in the zodiack, and hung up his golden fleece in the temple, consecrating it to Mars, under the keeping of a dragon. Nephele, his mother, gave him his golden ram, which Eusebius interprets to be a ship called the Ram, with the figure of that animal represented in the stern.

Tho' not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing. Caucasus is a mountain, which stretches itself from the East-Indies to mount Taurus, and goes by several names, according as 'tis inhabited by several nations; but being always cover'd with snow in some places, 'tis call'd Caucasus, which in the Oriental signifies white, as Ptolemy witnesses.

Even Myro's statues. Pliny writes there were two famous statuaries of this name; one a Lycian, Polycletes's disciple, who flourish'd in the 87th Olympiad; the other a native of Eleuthera, Ageladis's disciple, who made that admirable brasen cow, of which so much is said, and several other pieces of sculpture which are mightily prais'd by antiquity.

Not to a Semele, or Leda bright. There are few

fables better known than those of Semele or Leda. This poet often makes mention of them. Semele was daughter of Cadmus, and mother of Bacchus by Jupiter; whom having the curiosity to enjoy in all his celestial majesty, she was burnt by lightning. Leda was the daughter of Thestius, and mother of Castor and Pollux, Clytemnestra and Helena. Castor and Clytemnestra by her husband Tyndarus, king of Oebalia, and Pollux and Helena by Jupiter, who in the shape of a swan enjoy'd her, as she bath'd in the river Eurotas: She was afterwards deliver'd of an egg, whence they both proceeded.

Nor an Europa, these my rules I write. The Sidonian Europa, daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, whom Jupiter fell in love with, and ravish'd her in the shape of a bull: He carried her to Crete, and she there brought him three sons, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Sarpedon. After that Asterius, having no children, married her, adopted Jupiter's sons, and left his kingdom to them, as Diodorus informs us. Europa is called the Sidonian, from the city Sidon, built by the Phœnicians, and who, according to Justin, call'd it Sidon, from *Sidone*, which signifies fish, there being great plenty of it in that city.

Nor thee fair Helen, &c. The story of Paris and Helen, and the Trojan war is so common, we shall say no more of it: Nor of Agamemnon and Menelaus, sons of Atreus, who were the chiefs of it.

If pale, let her the crimson juice apply. The vermilion, *purpureis virgis.*

If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly. Pharos was a little island at the mouth of the Nile, near the port of Alexandria, where antiently stood a high stately tower, reckon'd one of the seven wonders of the world. Ptolemy Philadelphus spent 800 talents in building it: We read of it in Cæsar's Commentaries. In this island were abundance of crocodiles, the entrails of which were excellent to take off freckles or spots in the face, and whiten the skin.

Round

Round shoulders bolster'd up, &c. Analectides, little bolsters of flocks. The same invention is us'd in our days, both for this defect in women, and in calv'd stockings for the men, And 'tis satisfactory to the curious to know the fashion is 1800 years old.

Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse. The Umbrians inhabited a country joining to the Apennine hills, which runs from Savona, on the coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian straits. This nation were reckon'd as rustic in their manners, as strong in bodies, and stout of heart. The poet gives us, in an Umbrian woman, a just idea of a modern peasant's wife.

Sirens, tho' monsters, &c. Ovid here advises the ladies to learn to sing, and takes his comparisons from the Sirens, daughters of Achelous, and the muse Calliope, or Terpsichore, according to others. They were three in number, Parthenope, Leucosia and Legia, half women and half fish; one made use of her voice, another of her lyre, and another of her flute. Their haunt was on the coast of Sicily, where they charm'd voyagers by their singing, but Ulysses escap'd them. Ovid, instead of Ulysses, says Sysiphides, the son of Sysiphus; for that of Autolica, Laertes's wife and Ulysses mother, was debauched by Sysiphus, and bore Ulysses by him.

Some soft Ægyptian air. Those airs were a sort of sarabands, in vogue among the Ægyptians and Gades. The movement was dissolute, and provoked to lust.

When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd,
Even Cerberus and hell that sound obey'd. Orpheus of mount Rhodope, that is of Thrace; from whence he is so often call'd Threicius: For he was a Thracian, son of Oeagrus and Calliope, as Diodorus writes: He was so skilful in playing upon the lyre, that 'tis said he drew after him trees and wild beasts. As to the fable of his descent into hell, see the end of Virgil's 4th Georgic; the 2d and 3d chorus of Seneca's Medea; the 3d chorus of his Hercules on mount Oeta. For in all these places 'tis very elegantly describ'd: And some moderns have treated of it happily.

Oh

Oh Thebes attracted by Amphion's lays. He means the walls of Thebes built by the sound of Amphion's lyre. He was the son of Jupiter and Antiope, and brother of Zethus. The two brothers were famous for the difference of their humours. Horace, in his art of poetry, says, of Amphion's building the walls of Thebes by the sound of his lyre. Eusebius writes that Amphion reign'd at Thebes, and made rocks move with the sound of his lyre; for that he was at last hearken'd to by his subjects, who were a stubborn sort of people: And thus the greatest part of the antient fables may be reconcil'd to truth of history.

And was, Arion, &c. Arion was a celebrated musician of antiquity, of whom Herodotus, Higinus, Pliny, Solinus, Aulus Gellius, and Ovid in the 2d book of his *Fasti*, make mention; see also the 13th book of Strabo. Some say he was a poet and musician of Lesbos, and invented Dithyrambicks for praise of wine and Bacchus. Having got a great deal of money, and returning from his travels home by sea, the sailors robb'd him and threw him over-board: when a dolphin, charm'd with his music, convey'd him safe to Peloponesus; where he procur'd Periander to put the sailors to death. The poet, by all these instances of the power of music, wou'd persuade the ladies to learn it, as the version tells us.

And with her lute accompany her voice. Ovid calls this instrument Nablium or Naulium, which is a foreign word, as Strabo observes in his 10th book; and Suidas writes, 'tis the Psalterion, which is also call'd Naula. The lute answers to it very well.

Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse. Callimachus was a considerable poet, and, according to Quintilian, the first that wrote elegies in Greek. He was the son of Battus, who built Cyrene. For which reason he is call'd Battiades. Cyrene, where Callimachus liv'd, was in Africa; and he was look'd upon to be one of the wittiest and politest men of his age.

And read Philetas and Anacreon's verse. Philetas was a native of the island of Cos in the Ægean sea; a celebrated

brated poet and writer of elegies, and flourish'd under Philip and his son Alexander the Great.

Terentian plays may much the mind improve. He who represents a father, receiv'd by his servant Geta. He means Terence, and his Phormio in particular, where Chremes and Dimiphon, two old men, are deceiv'd by Geta. The antients us'd to call their servants by the names of the countries from whence they came; as Lydus, Syrus, Dacus, from Lydia, Syria and Dacia; so Geta comes from the country of the Getæ. The French to this day do the same, and call their footmen *Champagne*, *le Picard*, *le Gascon*, *le Bourgignon*, &c. And Sir George Etheridge in his Sir Fopling Flutter, the Hampshire, &c. speaking to his valet, imitates this custom.

But softest Sappho best instructs to love. Sappho is made famous by almost all the poets of antiquity, as well as by her own writings She was born at Mitylene, in the isle of Lesbos; and was contemporary with Alceus. She writ nine books of elegy, and several epigrams and satires. The Sapphic verses took their name from her. There's nothing of her compositions extant, besides a hymn to Venus, and an ode to a young girl whom she lov'd. According to some authors, she flung herself into the sea, because Phaon neglected her. Her sentiments were very tender in her verses; wherefore Ovid advises lovers to read them here.

Propertius, &c. Sextus Aurelius Propertius was a native of Umbria, that rude part of Italy; so that we find genius and politeness are not confin'd to places. He was very much esteem'd by Mæcenas, and his works are still extant.

Gallus, &c. Cornelius Gallus Forojuliensis, who translated the Euphorion of the Greeks into Latin, and wrote four books for a free woman of Volumnius with whom he was in love. Servius calls her Cytheris. He was the first who commanded in Ægypt under Augustus. He was proconsul, according to Eusebius. Quintillian says, his stile was rougher than Propertius and Tibullus.

Tibullus. His conduct in his government was not much for the reputation of the muses.

Tibullus. Every body who is the least acquainted with antiquity, knows he has one of the finest wits of the Augustan age, and a man of gallantry and profusion, wasting his estate, even while he was in his youth, on his extravagancies and pleasures. Horace speaks of him as his friend; and Ovid reckons him amongst the best writers of his time. What is extant of his writings justifies, that Ovid has not put him out of his place.

And let Varronian verse. Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, of the province of Gallia Narbonensis, who, when he was thirty-five years old, learn'd Greek, and translated Apollonius Rhodius's four books of the conquest of the Argonauts. From whence Quintilian calls him the interpreter of another man's writings. He celebrated a lady whom he lov'd, and whose name was Leucadia, in his writings. Some have mistaken Marcus Terentius Varro, the philosopher and poet, whom Quintilian calls the most learned man of the Romans, for this Varro. The picture of the other was placed in his life-time, as an extraordinary person, in Asinius Pollio's library.

Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage. The Romans were great encouragers of their dancers and mimes; some of them grew very eminent, as Roscius Amerinus for whom Cicero pronounc'd that fine oration; some of them also grew prodigiously rich, as Clodius Æsopus, of whose luxury Pliny makes mention: And Horace, in the 3d satire of his 2d book, speaks of the son of this Æsopus, who swallowed a pearl of great price in one of his frolics.

Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive. The sun is the master planet, and Leo the fifth sign in the Zodiac, by astronomers call'd the house of the sun, who therein causes the greatest heats.

And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive. Virgo is the 6th northern sign in the Zodiac, next to the autumnal Equinox: By nature, say the artists, *cold and dry*,

dry, the house and exaltation of Mercury. The poet means the summer season, when the sun passes thro' Cancer, Leo and Virgo.

To Pompey's gardens, &c. They were the most noted in Rome, and in the field of Mars.

Phœbus, who sunk, &c. 'Tis said Phœbus descended at the battle of Actium, and was present on the Romans side when Augustus beat Mark Antony.

Are rais'd to Livia's and Octavia's name. Speaking of Octavia's Portico, which was built near Marcellus's theatre

Or where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd. Agrippa marry'd Julia, Augustus's daughter by Scribonia, and his father-in-law honour'd him with a naval crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the porticos in Rome, was built or nam'd by Agrippa.

Should you, in singing, Thamyras transcend. Thamyras son of Philamon, of whom 'tis said, that as he return'd from the city of Ætolia, he met with the Muses by the way, and was so proud of his singing, he fancy'd he could outdo them in that art; at which the daughters of Jupiter were so enrag'd, that in revenge they deprivʼd him of the use of his reason, as Homer writes in his 2d Iliad. Diodorus says, they only took away his voice, and his art of playing on the lyre. The Latins say, they struck him blind.

Had not Apelles drawn the sea-born queen. Every one has heard of Apelles, the famous painter. He was a native of Cos, or, as others write, of Ephesus, and born in the 112th Olympiad, about the 422d year of Rome. For his great skill in his art, he was call'd the prince of painters; and so industrious, that *Nulla dies sine linea*, in his known motto. Alexander forbad any painter but him to draw his picture. His master piece was reckon'd the Venus rising out of the sea, of which Ovid speaks, and which the emperor Augustus dedicated in the temple of his father Julius Cæsar. This piece was at last ruin'd by time, and Nero put another in its place,

place, drawn by Dorothous. Apelles had begun another Venus for the inhabitants of Cos, which would have excell'd the first, but he was hindered by death from finishing it, and after him none had the boldness to put the last hand to it, as Pliny informs us.

In former days, I own, the poets were
Of Gods and kings the most peculiar care. Whatever they were in old times, Ovid complains the case was alter'd in his.

But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem, &c. Perhaps there never was, and never will be an age, where some poets, and those not the worst, will not have cause to complain with Ovid, who liv'd in a time when poetry was favour'd with the protection, and honour'd with the example of Augustus Mæcenas, and the Roman court. That poets were esteemed of old, Pausanias endeavours to prove in his 1st book; where he says, Anacreon was very familiar with Polycrates tyrant of Samos, that Æschylus and Simonides were in favour with Hiero king of Sicily, and Philoxenus Antagoras of Rhodes, and Aratus were highly esteem'd by Antigonus prince of Macedon.

Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd. Ennius was a native of Calabria, born at Rudii, in the 515th year of Rome. He was the first Roman that wrote annals in heroic verse. Aullus Gellius says his subject was the wars of Italy, and particularly the 2d Punic war, which he did to compliment his patron and friend Scipio; who carry'd him with him into Asia, and he was in Ætolia with Fulvius Nobilior. He dy'd in the seventieth year of his age, having been cruelly afflicted with the gout, according to Eusebius, caus'd by his intemperance in wine, which he drank to excess. He was bury'd in Scipio's tomb, in the Via Appia, as Cicero writes. Pliny observes that he had a statue near Scipio's, which shews how highly he was honour'd.

What could the high renown of Homer raise. Homer's name, and the contention of seven cities for him, are so well known that there's no need of saying much about

about it; he was so call'd from his blindness. He was the most famous of all the Greek poets, but poor to the extremity of begging. His Iliad and Odyssey are to this day in the first rank of heroic poems, and the Æneid only disputes with them the pre-eminence.

Who could have been of Danae's charms assur'd. Danae, daughter of Acrisius king of Argos; who having consulted the oracle, and being told that he should be kill'd by her son, shut her up in a brazen tower to prevent it. But Jupiter transforming himself into a golden shower, brib'd her keepers, and got her with child; which, being born, was the renown'd Perseus. Her father commanded both the babe and his mother to be thrown into the sea; but being fortunately cast ashore on one of the islands call'd Cyclades, the king of the island marry'd the mother; and Perseus, when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his grandfather.

How could Andromeda. She was the daughter of Cepheus king of Arcadia, and for her mother's pride, in comparing her beauty to that of the Nerides, was expos'd to a horrible sea-monster, from whom she was deliver'd by the above-nam'd Perseus; who by a look of Medusa's head turn'd the monster into a stone. 'Tis so easy to explain this fable, and that of Danae's, the reader will do it himself, as he passes them over.

Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood. Priam king of Troy, and father of Paris, who stole Helen, was for restoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their ambassadors; but other counsels prevailing, the war ensu'd, which ended in the destruction of Troy, and the death of Priam, who was kill'd by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, after 40 years reign.

But let not powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair. The Nardus or Nard was a plant brought from India or Syria, from which a precious ointment was extracted, and put to the same uses as the modern beaux and belles do their essences.

How often, Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries? The

temple of Venus stood in the Appian way, and the gallant women us'd to frequent it to meet their sparks.

Trust not a Theseus, &c. Theseus's inconstancy to Ariadne has render'd him famous among the inconstants in story; and Demophoon, his son, is no less known to have forsaken his Phyllis. See Ovid's epistles.

When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere. The poet, in his advice to the men, has given them the same caution, when they write letters to shew their passion, and not their wit, which is a rule that will last as long as truth and reason.

A stile too coarse, &c. This is very delicate, and shews of what importance 'tis for beauty to be well-bred, if it would be victorious.

Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose A lover, who keeps his mistress's letters to make his advantage of them. Would not one think that this was written yesterday? All this advice about billets is agreeable, and very important in the affair of gallantry.

When on her flute divine Minerva play'd. Minerva playing on her flute by a river side, and seeing in the water what grimaces it obliged her to make, she flung away the instrument in a passion, and curst it so much, that he who made use of it afterwards had cause to repent of it, as Ovid writes in his *de Fastis*, and in his Metamorphoses in the story of Marsias who was flead by Apollo.

Let sad Tecmessa. She was Ajax's captive and his mistress, by whom he had Eurysaces, from whom descended the Eurysacidæ, one of the most noted families of Athens.

So Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd. Nemesis was the goddess of justice: Adrastus built the first temple to her, and thence she's call'd Andrastea, as also Rhamnusia from her temple in Rhamnus in Attica. The Romans invok'd her before they went to battle, and return'd her thanks after victory, for revenging them on their enemies; she had no Latin name, tho' she was receiv'd into the capitol. But this Nemesis

here

here is thought to be that which Tibullus lov'd, and celebrated in his poems; if so, 'tis probable Cynthia here is not the goddess, but some beauty who went by that name.

Nor are Corinna's, &c. Ovid sung his mistress by that name, which is suppos'd to be a *Nom de Guerre* taken from the Grecian poetess, who as we are told won the prize of poetry four or five times from Pindar; however those that say so, own her beauty contributed much to that advantage. There were two Corrina's; one a Theban, who wrote epigrams and lyrick poems, and contended with Pindar; the other was a Thespian, whom some call also Corinthia. Ovid gave the name of Corinna to his mistress, on account of her beauty and wit.

The God that fills him, &c. Meaning that poetic fury with which Apollo inspires the bard. Perhaps 'tis for this reason that Ennius calls poets divine, as Cicero writes in his oration for Archias. There cannot be a finer elogium on poets and poesy than what Ovid writes in this place.

Nor love, nor empire, can a partner bear. 'Tis a sort of proverb.

Tho' free as Thais, &c. He alludes to the Thais of Terence in his Eunuch, where she makes as if she had driven Phedria out of doors to receive one Pamphila, whom Thraso brought her. Thais was a name given to all sort of women of a lewd character, who however affect discretion.

Tho' stuck with Argus' eyes, &c. The fable of Argus has been spoken of before. He had a hundred eyes, and kept Iö from Jupiter by Juno's order; for which Mercury kill'd him by command of his father Jove. To make him amends, Juno turn'd him into a peacock, and plac'd his eyes in the tail.

New milk, &c. Ovid shews several ways to write letters, so that the writing may not be perceived; as spires of green flax, or writing on the maid's back.

Acrisius, &c. Father of Danae, whose story is told before.

Or in the Circus, &c. In the first and second books, enough is said of assignations in the Circus, in Isis' temple, and Cybele's.

And for the Lemnian ladies, &c. Alluding to those wicked women, who rose against the men, and did not spare their own husbands.

And Cytisus, &c. 'Tis a shrub which fattens sheep; and horses prefer it to other grain. It took its name from one of the Cyclades, where it grew in abundance.

Come, gentle Aura, &c. This is a sort of a song, and is well render'd, as it is in the original, on account of the double meaning Procris might take it in, either with respect to herself or the air. Cephalus speaks it. He was the son of Mercury, if 'tis not the same that Ovid mentions in his Metamorphoses, as the son of Æolus. Strabo writes, he was the son of Dioneus, as does Hyginus in the 241st fable. Mercury was sometimes call'd Dioneus; the island Cephalenia was so nam'd from him. Dioneus was king of Phocis, and his son Cephalus marry'd Procris, but was carry'd away by Aurora, who fell in love with him. She could not prevail upon him to caress her; yet Procris was very jealous of him, and contriving to watch him as he return'd from hunting, hid herself in the bushes; Cephalus supposing it had been a deer, shot his dart at it, and kill'd his wife unawares.

Bacchanalian fury. The priestesses and priests of Bacchus, who celebrated the festival of that god, did it with the noise of shouts, drums, timbrels and cymbals, were crown'd with ivy, vine, &c. and carry'd a Thyrsis or staff weav'd with it in their hands; they were frantic and outrageous in their actions during this ceremony.

Her purple swans unyok'd, &c. To shew that he treats of love-affairs, represented by the swans that are said to draw Venus's car sometimes; though doves are often harness'd on this occasion. As to swans, Ovid observes in his Metamorphoses that they were put to this

this use. They were also dedicated to Apollo, who is the proper god of poesy; so that Ovid, as both a poet and a lover, might have the privilege to put swans to his car, as emblems of his being conducted by Venus and Apollo. Having finish'd his work, he unyokes, and lets them take their rest.

Thus with impartial care, &c. The reader has now gone through the *Art of Love*, and 'tis hop'd he has found nothing to shock him. He may look upon this book as a history of the manners and customs of the ancients, not to imitate them, but see Ovid's fine sentiments, his eloquence and fruitful invention, which makes him speak agreeably of every thing.

While men and maids. Hinting again that he wrote for both sexes, and claims of both, if they succeed in their loves, that they should put this inscription on the trophy of their victory, *Naso magister erat.* We see Ovid made no scruple of calling himself Naso, though 'twas a name of distinction given him for his great nose, but perhaps not a name of contempt, great noses being more a beauty among the Romans than in our times.

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OVID's

REMEDY of LOVE.

Tranſlated by Mr TATE.

THE title of this book when Cupid ſpy'd,
Treaſon! a plot againſt our ſtate! he cry'd.
Why ſhould you thus your loyal poet wrong,
Who in your war has ſerv'd ſo well and long?
So ſavage and ill-bred I ne'er can prove,
Like Diomede to wound the queen of love.
Others by fits have felt your am'rous flame,
I ſtill have been, and ſtill your martyr am;
Rules for your vot'rys I did late impart,
Refining paſſion, and made love an art.
Nor do I now of that or thee take leave,
Nor does the muſe her former web unweave.
Let him, who loves where love ſucceſs may find,
Spread all his ſails before the proſp'rous wind;
But let poor youths, who female ſcorn endure,
And hopeleſs burn, repair to me for cure:
For why ſhould any worthy youth deſtroy
Himſelf, becauſe ſome worthleſs nymph is coy?
Love ſhould be nature's friend; let hemp and ſteel
Hangmen and heroes uſe, whoſe trade's to kill.

Where

Where fatal it would prove, let passion cease;
Nor love destroy, who should our race increase.
A child you are, and like a child should play;
And gentle as your years should be your sway.
Keen arrows, and to wound the hardest hearts,
You are permitted—but no mortal darts.
Let your step-father Mars, on sword and spear,
The crimson stains of cruel conquest wear;
You should your mother's milder laws observe,
Who ne'er did childless parent's curse deserve.
Or if you must employ your wanton pow'r,
Teach youths by night to force their mistress' door:
How lovers safe and secretly may meet,
And subtle wives the cautious husband cheat.
Let now th' excluded youth the gate caress,
A thousand wheedling soothing plaints express;
Then on th' ill-natur'd timber vent his spight,
And to some doleful tune weep out the night.
For tears, not blood, love's altar should require:
Love's torch, design'd to kindle kind desire,
Must seem profan'd, to light a fun'ral fire.
Thus I.———The God his purple wings display'd,
And, *Forward, finish your design*, he said.
To me, ye injur'd youths, for help repair,
Who hopeless languish for some cruel fair;
I'll now unteach the art I taught before,
The hand that wounded shall your health restore.
One soil can herbs and pois'nous weeds disclose;
The nettle oft is neighbour to the rose.
Such was the cure th' Arcadian hero found;
The Pelian spear, that wounded, made him sound.
But know, the rules that I to men prescribe,
In like distress may serve the female tribe:

And

And when beyond your ſphere my methods go,
You may, at leaſt, infer what you ſhould do.
When flames beyond their uſeful bounds aſpire,
'Tis charity to quench the threat'ning fire.
Nine viſits to the ſhore poor Phyllis made;
Had I advis'd, the tenth ſhe ſhould have paid.
Nor had Demophoon, when return'd from ſea,
For his expected bride, embrac'd a tree;
Nor Dido, from her flaming pile, by night,
Diſcover'd her ingrateful Trojan's flight.
Nor had that mother dire revenge purſu'd,
Who in her offspring's blood her hands imbru'd.
Fair Philomel preſerv'd from Tereus' rape,
Her honour ſhe had kept, and he his ſhape.
Paſiphaë ne'er had felt ſuch wild deſire;
Nor Phædra ſuffer'd by inceſtuous fire.
Let me the wanton Paris take in hand,
Helen ſhall be reſtor'd, and Troy ſhall ſtand.
My wholſome precepts had lewd Scylla read,
The purple lock had grown on Niſus' head.
Learn, youths, from me, to curb the deſp'rate force
Of love; and ſteer, by my advice, your courſe.
By reading me, you firſt receiv'd your bane;
Now, for an antidote, read me again:
From ſcornful beauties chains I'll ſet you free,
Conſent but you to your own liberty.
Phœbus, thou God of phyſic and of verſe,
Aſſiſt the healing numbers I rehearſe;
Direct at once my med'cines and my ſong,
For to thy care both provinces belong.
While the ſoft paſſion plays about your heart,
Before the tickling venom turns to ſmart,
Break then (for then you may) the treach'rous dart:

Tear

Tear up the seeds of the unrooted ill,
While they are weak, and you have pow'r to kill.
Beware delay: The tender-bladed grain,
Shot up to stalk, can stand the wind and rain
The tree, whose branches now are grown too big
For hands to bend, was set a slender twig:
When planted, to your slightest touch 'twould yield,
But now has fix'd possession of the field.
Consider, ere to love you give the reins,
If she's a mistress worth your future pains.
While yet in breath, ere yet your nerves are broke,
Cast from your gen'rous neck the shameful yoke:
Check love's first symptoms, the weak foe surprise,
Who, once entrench'd, will all your arts despise.
Think, wretch, what you hereafter must endure,
What certain toil, for an uncertain cure.
Slip not one minute; who defers to-day,
To-morrow will be harden'd in delay.
'Tis love's old practice, still to sooth you on,
Till your disease gets strength, and till your strength is gone.
Rivers small fountains have, and yet we find
Vast seas, of those small fountain'd rivers join'd.
Lock'd up in bark poor Myrrha ne'er had been,
Had she the progress of her crime foreseen
But pleas'd with the soft kindling of love's fire,
We day by day indulge the fond desire:
Till like a serpent it has eat its way,
And uncontroul'd does on our entrails prey.
Yet if the proper season you have pass'd,
Tho' hard the task, I'll use my skill at last;
Nor see my patient perish by his grief,
Because no sooner call'd to his relief.

When

When Philoctetes first receiv'd his wound,
The venom'd part cut off, had sav'd the sound:
Yet he, ev'n after tedious years of grief,
Was cur'd, and brought the fainting Greeks relief.
Thus I, who charg'd you speedy means to use,
Will none, in last extremities, refuse.
Or try to quench the kindling flames, or stay
'Till their spent fury on itself does prey.
While in its full career, give scope to rage,
And circumvent the force you can't engage.
What pilot would against the current strive,
When with a side-course he may safely drive?
Distemper'd minds, distracted with their grief,
Take all for foes, who offer them relief:
But when the first fermenting smart is o'er,
They suffer you to probe the ripen'd sore.
'Tis madness a fond mother to dissuade
From tears, while on his hearse her son is laid:
But when grief's deluge can no higher swell,
Declining sorrow you'll with ease repel.
Cures have their times; the best that can be try'd,
Inflame the wound, unseas'nably apply'd.
If therefore you expect to find redress,
In the first place, take leave of idleness.
'Tis this that kindled first your fond desire,
'Tis this brings fuel to the am'rous fire.
Bar idleness, you ruin Cupid's game,
You blunt his arrows, and you quench his flame.
What wine to plane-trees, streams to poplars prove,
Marshes to reeds, is idleness to love.
Mind business, if your passion you'd destroy;
Secure is he, who can himself employ.

Sleep,

Sleep, drinking, gaming, for the foe make way,
And to love's ambuſcade the roving heart betray.
The ſlothful he ſeeks out, and makes his prize,
Surely as he the man of buſineſs flies.
Make buſineſs then (no matter what) your care:
Some dear friend's cauſe may want you at the bar;
Or if your courage tempts you to the field,
Love's wantón arms to rough campaigns will yield.
Parthia freſh work for triumph does afford,
Half conquer'd to your hand by Cæſar's ſword.
Cupid's and Parthian darts at once o'ercome.
And to your country's Gods bring double trophies home.
Your ſword as dreadful will to love appear,
As to his mother the Ætolian ſpear.
Th' adult'rous luſt that did Ægiſthus ſeize,
And brought on murder, ſprang from wanton eaſe:
For he the only loiterer remain'd
At home, when Troy's long war the reſt had drain'd;
He revell'd then at his luxurious board,
And ne'er embark'd, and ne'er unſheath'd his ſword;
But while the Grecians did for glory rove,
He waſted all his idle hours on love.
Or country-work and tillage can diſarm
Your am'rous cares, for ev'ry grief a charm.
Yoke oxen, plough the painful field, you'll find
The wounded earth will cure your love-ſick mind;
Then truſt your grain to the new-furrow'd ſoil,
That with large int'reſt will requite your toil.
Behold what kind returns your fruit-trees ſend.
Down to your hand the burden'd branches bend.
Behold a murm'ring brook through paſtures glide,
Behold the grazing ſheep on either ſide;

While

While in the ſhade his pipe the ſhepherd tries,
The watchful dog his maſter's care ſupplies.
With loud complaints another grove is fill'd
Of heifers lowing for their firſtlings kill'd.
What pleaſure 'tis with ſmoke of yew to drive
The murm'ring ſwarm, and ſeize the loaden hive.
All ſeaſons friendly to the ſwain are found;
Autumn with fruit, with harveſt ſummer's crown'd:
The ſpring's adorn'd with flowers to charm the eye,
And winter fires the abſent ſun ſupply.
At certain times you'll ſee the vintage full,
And for your wine-preſs may choice cluſters cull.
At certain times your pond'rous ſheafs may bind,
Yet for the rake leave work enough behind.
In mellow ground, your plants no wat'ring need;
The thirſty you from neighb'ring ſprings may feed.
Then, grafting, make old ſtocks ſprout freſh and green,
And various fruits on one proud branch be ſeen.
When once theſe pleaſures have your mind poſſeſt,
Love ſoon departs like a neglected gueſt.
Hunt, if the dull diſtemper you'd remove:
Diana will too hard for Venus prove.
Through all her doubling ſhifts the hare purſue,
Or ſpread your toils upon the mountain's brow.
Ev'n when the ſtag's at bay, provoke his rage;
Or with your ſpear the foaming boar engage.
Thus tir'd, your reſt at night will prove ſo deep,
Dreams of your miſtreſs ne'er will haunt your ſleep.
'Tis eaſier work, yet 'twill require your care,
The feather'd game with birdlime to enſnare;
Or else for fiſh your bearded hook to bait,
And for your art's ſucceſs with patience wait.

Through ſports like theſe you'll ſteal into relief,
And while your time you cozen, cheat your grief.
Or travel, (tho' you find your fetter ſtrong;)
Set out betimes; your journey muſt be long.
You'll weep at thought of her you left behind,
And halting, to return be oft inclin'd.
But how much more unwilling to proceed,
Compel your feet to ſo much greater ſpeed.
Advance, let nothing interrupt your way,
No wind nor weather, nor unlucky day.
Nor count the miles you've paſt, but what remain;
For loit'ring nigh no fond pretences feign.
Nor reckon time, nor once look back on Rome,
But fly; and, Parthian like, by flight o'ercome.
You'll call my precepts hard; I grant they are:
But for dear health who would not hardſhip bear?
When ſick, the bitter potion I have ta'en;
And, for the food I fancy'd, begg'd in vain.
Both ſteel and fire you'll patiently endure,
And thirſt, more ſcorching, for your body's cure.
Can you, who thus your earthy part redeem,
For your immortal mind have leſs eſteem?
Yet, for my patient's comfort, I muſt own,
When this firſt ſtage he manfully has run,
The half, the worſt half of his taſk is done.
Gall'd with the yoke, at firſt the heifer draws;
The curb's firſt trial frets the courſer's jaws.
Perhaps to leave your father's houſe you'll mourn;
Yet go: And think, when tempted to return,
Your kindred but the falſe pretence is made;
'Tis abſence from your miſtreſs does perſuade.
When once ſet out, diverſions you will meet,
Fair country proſpects, and companions ſweet.

Nor

Nor only travel far, but tarry long;
Nor once look homewards while your paſſion's ſtrong.
Rebellious love, if he perceives you halt,
With greater fury will renew th' aſſault.
Half-famiſh'd paſſion will more fiercely prey,
And all your labour paſt be thrown away.
You'll think, when through Hæmonian fields you rove,
That magic arts may yield a cure for love.
Old tales, of witchcraft ſtrange effects rehearſe;
The only charm I bring is ſacred verſe.
By my advice, no jargon ſhall be read,
Nor midnight hag, blaſpheming, raiſe the dead;
No ſtanding crop to other fields ſhall range,
No ſick eclipſe the ſun's complexion change;
Old Tyber ſhall his ſacred courſe retain,
And Cynthia, unmoleſted, gain her wain.
No ſuff'ring heart to ſpells ſhall be oblig'd,
Nor love reſign, by ſulphur ſtreams beſieg'd.
Think on Medea of all hopes bereft,
When fled from home, and by her lover left.
And what did Circe's powerful drugs avail,
When ſhe beheld Ulyſſes under ſail?
She try'd her magic, charm on charm renew'd;
He with a merry gale his courſe purſu'd:
No force or ſkill the fatal dart removes,
She raves to find ſhe loves——but ſtill ſhe loves.
To thouſand ſhapes ſhe could transform mankind,
No means to change her hated ſelf could find.
In theſe ſoft terms, to her departing gueſt,
Her paſſion (to detain him) was expreſt.
" I now no more (as when I firſt receiv'd
" Thoſe hopes and you, by both alike deceiv'd)

" Expect that you with me ſhould paſs your life,
" No more ambitious to be made your wife,
" (Tho' ſure my pedigree you cannot ſcorn;
" The daughter of the ſun, a goddeſs born);
" I but intreat you for a time to ſtay,
" And urge, for your own ſake, the ſhort delay.
" The ſeas are rough, which you have cauſe to fear;
" Wait but a friendlier ſeaſon of the year.
" What haſte? This iſle does no new Troy afford,
" No ſecond Rheſus to employ your ſword.
" Love revels here, with peaceful myrtle crown'd,
" And mine the only heart that feels a painful wound."
She ſaid——His crew the ſwelling ſails diſplay,
That bear him and her fruitleſs pray'rs away.
In vain to her enchantments ſhe returns,
Tries all, yet ſtill in hopeleſs flames ſhe burns.
For Circe's ſake, all lovers I adviſe,
That ſpells, as ſenſeleſs things, they wou'd deſpiſe.
The benefits of travel I have told,
Which, for ſick minds, the beſt relief I hold.
But if, through buſineſs, you muſt ſtill remain
In town, and near the author of your pain;
Tho' 'tis a dang'rous neighbourhood, I'll ſhew
What methods there the lover muſt purſue.
He takes the wiſeſt courſe, who from his heart
Does by mere force, wreſt out the offenſive dart;
Reſolv'd ſeverely once for all to ſmart.
A maſter of ſuch courage I'll admire;
Such patients will no more advice require.
Who wants this reſolution to be freed
At once, by ſlower methods muſt proceed.
To milder remedies I'll him direct,
Which yet, in time, will have the wiſh'd effect.

Think

Think, 'till the thought your indignation move,
What damage you've receiv'd by her you love:
How ſhe has drain'd your purſe; nor yet content,
'Till your eſtate's in coſtly preſents ſpent,
And you have mortgag'd your laſt tenement.
How ſhe did ſwear, and how ſhe was forſworn;
Nor only falſe, but treated you with ſcorn:
And, ſince her avarice has made you poor,
Forc'd you to take your lodgings at her door:
Reſerv'd to you, but others ſhe'll careſs:
The foreman of a ſhop ſhall have acceſs.
Let theſe reflections on your reaſon win;
From ſeeds of anger, hatred will begin,
Your rhet'rick on theſe topics ſhould be ſpent.
Oh that your wrongs cou'd make you eloquent!
But grieve, and grief will teach you to enlarge,
And, like an orator, draw up the charge.
A certain nymph did once my heart incline,
Whoſe humour wholly diſagreed with mine.
(I, your phyſician, my diſeaſe confeſs)
I from my own preſcriptions found redreſs.
Her ſtill I repreſented to my mind,
With what defects I cou'd ſuppoſe or find.
Oh how ill-ſhap'd her legs, how thick and ſhort!
(Tho' neater limbs did never nymph ſupport.)
Her arms, ſaid I, how tawny brown they are!
(Tho' never ivory ſtatue had ſo fair.)
How low of ſtature! (yet the nymph was tall.)
Oh for what coſtly preſents will ſhe call!
What change of lovers!——And, of all the reſt,
I find this thought ſtrike deepeſt in my breaſt.
Such thin partitions good and ill divide,
That one for t'other may be miſapply'd.

Ev'n truth, and your own judgement, you must strain,
Those blemishes you cannot find, to feign:
Call her blackmoor, if she's but lovely brown;
Monster, if plump; if slender, skeleton.
Censure her free discourse as confidence;
Her silence, want of breeding and good sense.
Discover her blind side, and put her still
Upon the task which she performs but ill.
Court her to sing, if she wants voice and ear;
To dance, if she has neither shape nor air:
If talking misbecomes her, make her talk;
If walking, then in malice make her walk.
Commend her skill when on the lute she plays,
'Till vanity her want of skill betrays.
Take care, if her large breasts offend your eyes,
No dress does that deformity disguise.
Ply her with merry tales of what you will,
To keep her laughing, if her teeth are ill.
Or if blear ey'd, some tragic story find,
'Till she has read and wept herself quite blind.
But one effectual method you may take;
Enter her chamber, ere she's well awake:
Her beauty's art, gems, gold, and rich attire,
Make up the pageant you so much admire:
In all that specious figure which you see,
The least, least part of her own self is she.
In vain for her you love, amid'st such cost,
You search; the mistress in the dress is lost.
Take her disrob'd, her real self surprize,
I'll trust you then, for cure, to your own eyes.
(Yet have I known this very rule to fail,
And beauty most, when stript of art prevail.)

Steal

Steal to her closet, her close tiring place,
While she makes up her artificial face.
All colours of the rainbow you'll discern,
Washes and paints, and what you're sick to learn.
I now should treat of what may pall desire,
And quench, in love's own element, the fire,
(For all advantages you ought to make,
And arms from love's own magazine to take:)
But modesty forbids, at full extent
To prosecute this luscious argument:
Which, to prevent your blushes, I shall leave
For your own fancy better to conceive.
For some of late censoriously accuse
My am'rous liberty, and wanton muse.
But envy did the wit of Homer blame,
Malice gave obscure Zoilus a name.
Thus sacrilegious censure would destroy
The pious muse, who did her art employ
To settle here the banish'd gods of Troy.
But you, who at my freedom take offence,
Distinguish right, before you speak your sense.
Mæonian strains alone can war resound,
No place is there for love and dalliance found.
The tragic stile requires a tale distrest,
And comedy subsists of mirth and jest.
The tender elegy is love's delight,
Which to themselves pleas'd mistresses recite.
Callimachus would do Achilles wrong;
Cydippe were no theme for Homer's song.
What mortal patience could endure to see
Thais presenting chaste Andromache?
Kind Thais (none of Vesta's nuns) supplies
My song: with Thais all my bus'ness lies:

The

The actress, if my muse performs with art,
You must commend, tho' you dislike the part.
Burst, Envy; I've already got a name;
And writing more shall more advance my fame.
Despair not then; for, as I longer live,
Each day fresh fuel for your spleen shall give.
Thus fame's increasing gale bears me on high,
While tir'd and groveling on the ground you lie.
Soft elegy in such esteem I've plac'd,
Not Virgil more the Epick strain has grac'd.
Censure did us to this digression force;
Now, muse, pursue thy interrupted course.
When first the nymph admits your visit, stay,
And take some other beauty in your way;
More safely thus your passion you may trust,
When you approach her charms with fainter gust:
You'll otherwise misconstrue, for delight,
The eagerness of your own appetite.
Desire does all; the grotto's cool retreat,
And shady grove, relieve in summer's heat;
Warm fires in winter; thirst makes water sweet.
Now is the time your artifice to try,
Act not so much the lover as the spy:
For vanity makes all the fair presume
There's nothing which their charms can misbecome:
Take this occasion her defects to find,
When you can fix them deeply in your mind;
In the dull minute of your discontents,
(The pensive mood when sated love repents.)
To your sick thoughts her blemishes display,
And, for aversion, by those means make way.
These helps you'll say are trivial; I confess,
Singly they are, but join'd will have success.

By

By one ſmall viper's bite an ox is kill'd;
The foreſt-boar by a leſs dog is held.
Unite my precepts, if apart they fail,
And by reſiſtleſs number you'll prevail.
But diff'rent minds for diff'rent methods call,
Nor what cures moſt, will have effects on all.
Ev'n that which makes another's flame expire,
Perhaps, may prove but fuel to your fire.
For one diſguſted with the nymph's undreſs,
Grows cold and weary of her warm careſs.
Another from his wanton miſtreſs flies,
When he his rival's recent raptures ſpies,
Like warm deſire! And he but little loves,
Whom ev'ry trifle ſhocks, and nothing moves.
To thoſe I write, (for my advice they need)
Whoſe hardy paſſion can unbalk'd proceed.
What think you of that lover, who could lie
Conceal'd, to ſee what cuſtom muſt deny?
I to no ſuch undecent means direct,
Not to be practis'd, tho' of ſure effect.
If to exceſs you find your paſſion riſe,
I would, at once, two miſtreſſes adviſe.
Divided care will give your mind relief;
What nouriſh'd one may ſtarve the twins of grief.
Large rivers, drain'd in many ſtreams, grow dry;
Withdraw its fuel, and the flame will die.
What ſhip can ſafely with one anchor ride?
With ſev'ral cables ſhe can brave the tide.
Who can at once two paſſions entertain,
May free himſelf at will from either chain.
If treated ill by her whom you adore,
A kinder nymph your freedom muſt reſtore.

No

No ſooner Minos did fair Procris view,
But ſcandal on Paſiphae's fame he threw.
From his firſt charmer ſoon Alcmæon fled,
Callirhoe once admitted to his bed.
Oenone ſtill had Paris miſtreſs been,
Had Paris fair Helen never ſeen.
So Progne's beauty, tho' a wife, endear'd
Her Tereus, 'till Philomel appear'd.
But I too long on dry examples dwell:
Some new deſire your former muſt expel.
A fruitful mother with one child can part,
(The reſt ſurviving to ſupport her heart:)
But ſhe's impatiently of one bereft,
Who has, alas! no ſecond comfort left.
But leſt you think that I new laws decree,
(Tho' proud of the invention I could be)
The ſame long ſince wiſe Agamemnon ſaw
(What ſaw he not, who held all Greece in awe?)
The beauteous captive to himſelf he kept;
Her father fondly for his daughter wept.
Why doſt thou grieve, old ſot? thy daughter's bleſt;
A royal whore.—But (to aſſwage the peſt)
When with his miſtreſs he was forc'd to part,
The prudent prince ne'er laid the loſs to heart.
Achilles keeps as fair a laſs as ſhe;
Their form, their very names almoſt agree.
Let him, ſaid he, reſign her by conſent,
Or he ſhall feel my kingly power's extent.
If to my ſubjects this ſhall give offence,
The name of monarch is a vain pretence.
Rather than reign, and have my love confin'd,
My throne ſhall to Therſites be reſign'd.

He

He ſaid; and for a charming miſtreſs loſt,
Repair'd his ſuff'rings at another's coſt.
Do you this royal precedent purſue,
And quench your former paſſion by a new.
If you're a ſtranger to the ſex, enquire
Where you may find a miſtreſs to admire.
To learn their haunts my books of love peruſe,
Where from a ſwarm of beauties you may chuſe.
But if my precepts have the leaſt pretence
To truth, and if I ſpeak Apollo's ſenſe,
Tho' Ætna's fires within your boſom glow,
Diſſemble, and appear more cold than ſnow.
In ſpite of torture, ſtill from tears refrain;
Laugh when you have moſt reaſon to complain.
Nor do I ſuch ſevere commands impart,
At once to bid you tear her from your heart:
But counterfeit; you'll prove in the event,
That careleſs lover whom you repreſent.
Oft, when the merry round I would not keep,
I've ſeem'd to nod, and, ſeeming, fall'n aſleep.
I've laugh'd at him, who fool'd away his heart,
Diſſembling paſſion, 'till he felt the ſmart.
Love comes by uſe; diſuſe will love expel:
Learn to feign health, and you will ſoon be well.
If ſhe has bid you come, and fix'd the night,
Tho' ſure that ſhe to mock you did invite,
Yet go; and if you find the door faſt-lock'd,
Endure the diſappointment; be not ſhock'd,
Nor curſe the gate, nor fond intreaties make,
Nor on the threſhold a hard lodging take:
And when you ſee her next, complaints forbear,
Nor in your looks the leaſt reſentment wear.

Her

Her pride will ſtoop, and give your feign'd neglect
What ſhe deny'd to your ſincere reſpect.
Nor is't enough your miſtreſs thus to cheat,
You on yourſelf muſt put the ſame deceit;
Acquaint not your own thoughts with the deſign,
'Till the work's done, and you have ſprung the mine.
For elſe 'tis odd but nature in your heart
Will faction raiſe, and take your miſtreſs' part.
What you propoſe will ſoon effected be,
Your progreſs ſure, if made with ſecrecy.
Conceal your nets; if they are ſpread in ſight,
The bird you meant to take, you'll only fright.
Nor ſuffer her you love ſo much to prize
Her charming ſelf, that ſhe may you deſpiſe.
Take courage, conſcious of your merit ſeem,
And worthy you'll appear of her eſteem.
Ev'n then when you her door wide open ſpy,
Nay tho' call'd in, yet paſs regardleſs by.
She'll offer you her bed; refuſe to take
The favour, or a doubtful anſwer make.
Let wiſdom once but teach you to abſtain
From what you wiſh, you may your wiſh obtain.
Perhaps at my ſevere advice you'll ſtart;
But know, I act a reconciler's part.
Diſeaſes in a thouſand forms are rang'd;
As tempers vary, med'cines muſt be chang'd.
Some bodies muſt a ſharp long courſe endure,
A ſingle drug on others work a cure.
If your ſoft nature yield to Cupid's ſtroke,
And ſtrength is wanting to ſupport his yoke;
Forbear againſt the wind and tide to ſtrive,
Slacken your ſail, and with the current drive.

For

For firſt the raging thirſt in which you fry
Muſt be aſſuag'd, ere other means you try;
Drink freely then; nor can you ſafely truſt
To ſatisfaction, drink ev'n to diſguſt.
Viſit your miſtreſs, keep her in your ſight,
Lock'd up all day, and in your arms all night.
Still ſit at board, tho' appetite decay,
And tho' you find you could be abſent, ſtay:
Indulge deſire, 'till your deſires are cloy'd;
And love by too much plenty is deſtroy'd.
Ev'n fear with paſſion will ſome minds inſpire;
Remove diſtruſt, and paſſion will retire.
Who fears ſome rival ſhould his miſtreſs gain,
Machaon's ſkill can ſcarce relieve his pain.
Since no fond mother for her darling ſon
Feels greater pangs, when to the wars he's gone.
Near the Salarian gate a temple's plac'd,
With Erycinian Venus' worſhip grac'd;
'Tis there Lethæan love cures love's deſire,
Bedews his lamps, and water blends with fire;
There ſweet forgetfulneſs griev'd lovers find,
And injur'd nymphs, whoſe huſbands prove unkind;
There in a viſion, (if a viſion 'twere)
I heard the Cupid ſpeak, or ſeem'd to hear.
" O thou who doſt ſometimes teach youth to love,
Then rules preſcribe their paſſion to remove:
One powerful precept more let me impart,
Unknown to you a maſter in the art.
Bid him who loves, and would love's yoke reject,
On his own life's misfortunes oft reflect:
For all have croſſes, 'tis the common lot.
Let him, who deeply into debt is got,

Think on a gaol and how he ſhould ſuſtain
Confinement, more ſevere than Cupid's chain.
Let him who ſerves a rigid father's will,
And ſees his filial duty treated ill,
(Whate'er ſucceſs in other things he find)
Keep ſtill his father's angry looks in mind.
Let him who has that double curſe of life,
At once a ſhrew and beggar to his wife,
Inſtead of gallantry abroad, contrive
Domeſtic famine from his door to drive.
You that are maſter of a gen'rous ſoil,
Look to your vines, employ your careful toil,
Leſt ſudden froſts the hopeful vintage ſpoil.
One has a trading veſſel homeward bound;
Let him imagine ſtorms, his ſhip unſound,
Bulg'd, founder'd, wreck'd, and more, ſome barb'rous coaſt
Enrich'd with the dear cargo he has loſt.
Fear for your ſon, who ſerves in this campaign,
And for your daughter be in greater pain.
For mortifying cares you need not roam,
By thouſands they will throng to you at home.
If, Paris, Helen's charms you would abhor,
Behold your brothers weltring in their gore."
Thus ſpake the god, 'till from my fancy's view
His youthful form, ſleep from my eyes, withdrew.
What ſhall I do, my Palinurus gone,
And left to ſteer through untry'd ſeas alone?
But ſolitude muſt never be allow'd;
A lover's ne'er ſo ſafe as in a crowd.
For private places private grief increaſe;
What haunts you there, in company will ceaſe.
If to the gloomy deſart you repair,
Your miſtreſs' angry form will meet you there.

What

What makes the night leſs cheerful than the day?
Your griefs are preſent, and your friends away.
Nor ſhun diſcourſe, nor make your houſe a cell;
Deſpair and darkneſs ſtill together dwell.
To comfort you ſome Pylades admit,
Which is of friendſhip the chief benefit.
To death's cold arms what made poor Phyllis fly?
'Twas leſs her grief than want of company.
Wild as a Bacchanal, her way ſhe took,
With hair diſhevell'd, and diſtracted look;
Far out to ſea ſhe caſt her prying eyes;
Now ſtretch'd upon the ſandy beach ſhe lies:
Faithleſs Demophoon! to deaf waves ſhe cry'd,
While ſighs her interrupted words divide.
Hard by a loneſome tree its ſhadow caſt,
As if for ſolitary miſchief plac'd:
'Twas now her ninth ſad viſit to the ſhore;
No ſail appears, and ſhe'll expect no more:
Her nuptial girdle round her waſte was ty'd,
Juſt o'er her head a ſtretching bough ſhe ſpy'd;
She offers, and flies back, dreads what ſhe dares;
And, thus confus'd, the fatal knot prepares.
Now, wretched Phyllis, while this deed was done,
I could have wiſh'd thou hadſt not been alone.
Let diſappointed lovers warning take
By thee, and never company forſake.
But while ſociety I do preſcribe,
I mean not thoſe of your own ſighing tribe:
For nothing ſure can ſo injurious be
To one in love, as lovers company.
A patient, who my orders did obey,
And to his cure was in a hopeful way,

By keeping lovers company one night,
Relaps'd, beyond my ſkill to ſet him right.
Such dang'rous neighbourhood you muſt avoid:
A flock's by one contagious ſheep deſtroy'd.
If health you'd keep, ſhun thoſe who are unſound;
By looking on ſore eyes, our own we wound;
Dry lands are oft by neighb'ring rivers drown'd.
Love's peſt allows no ſafety but in flight;
And the infected, to infect, delight.

Another, who quite through his courſe had gone,
By living near his miſtreſs was undone.
Raſhly his ſtrength, ere well confirm'd, he tries,
Too weak to ſtand th' encounter of her eyes.
She meets, and conquers with one ſingle view,
And all his freſh-ſkin'd wounds guſh forth a-new.
To ſave your houſe from neighb'ring fire is hard,
Diſtance from danger is the ſureſt guard.
Avoid your miſtreſs walks, and ev'n forbear
The civil offices you paid to her.
Change all your meaſures, new affairs purſue;
Find out (if poſſible) a world that's new.
A table ſpread in view gives appetite;
To ſee a guſhing rill does thirſt excite.
To leap their females in a neighb'ring plain,
Your bull will break his fence, your ſteed his rein.
Nor is't enough to quit the nymph, but you
Muſt to her friends and kindred bid adieu;
Nor to your ſight admit the page or maid,
By whom the tender billet-doux's convey'd.
And, tho' impatient, ſtifle your deſire;
Nor of her health, nor what ſhe does, enquire.
Ev'n you who pow'rful reaſons can aſſign,
That 'twas ill-treatment made your love decline,

Forbear

Forbear complaints, and no invectives make;
By ſcornful ſilence, beſt revenge you'll take.
Bury your paſſion in a ſpeechleſs grave,
Deſiſt from love, but do not ſay you have.
If over-much you boaſt, the ſymptom's ill;
Who always cries, *I've done with love*, loves ſtill.

To make ſure work, quench leiſurely the fire;
He's ſafe, who can by juſt degrees retire.
A torrent's ſwift, a ſtream does gently glide,
But that's a ſhort, and this a laſting tide;
That love muſt irrecoverably decay,
Which does by atoms waſte itſelf away.

Yet, ev'n humanity muſt needs abhor,
That you ſhould hate the nymph you did adore.
For he diſcovers a mere brutal mind,
Whoſe love to enmity the way can find.
A gentle cure is what I recommend;
For he whoſe paſſion can in hatred end,
As ſoon may to his firſt deſire return;
His fire does ſtill beneath the embers burn.
To ſee two lovers at outrageous odds,
Is ſcandal and offence to men and gods.
Many have rail'd, and yet been reconcil'd,
That minute they their miſtreſſes revil'd.
Others I've known, who parting without ſtrife,
Have fairly taken leave——but ta'en for life.

A nymph but lately paſſing in her chair,
Met with her lover (I by chance was there);
He ſtorm'd, and with reproaches fill'd the air.
At laſt, *Come forth thou harlot, come*, he cry'd:
She came; at ſight of her his tongue was ty'd:

The writings in his hand he flings away,
Runs to her arms, and has but power to say,
You've conquer'd, and no more I'll disobey.

Let her the presents you have sent retain,
And to a less prefer the greater gain.
Weigh the advantage by that loss you reap,
And think the purchase of your freedom cheap.

If to her presence you by chance are driv'n,
Straight recollect the precepts I have giv'n.
Since with your amazon you must engage,
To whet your courage muster all your rage.
Think on your rival in her chamber kept,
While you, excluded, on her threshold slept.
How falsely she has treated you; and then
More falsely sworn to draw you in again.

Study no dress when she is to be seen,
But wear your garments careless as your mien.
Or, if the sparkish mode your fancy seize,
Take care it be some other nymph to please.

What most retards your cure, I'll now reveal;
And to your own experience dare appeal;
Hoping to be at last belov'd, (tho' vain
Those hopes) we linger, and indulge our pain.
T' our own defects, through self-opinion, blind,
We wonder how the fair can be unkind.

Ne'er think that what she says or swears is true;
She fears the gods no more than she fears you.
Nor trust her tears, tho' plenteous tears distil;
Their eyes are disciplin'd to weep at will.
With various arts they storm a lover's mind,
Like some bleak rock, expos'd to waves and wind.

Nourish the just resentments in your heart,
But ne'er declare the reason why you part.

For

For tax'd with crimes, ſhe'll plead her innocence;
And you'll too much incline to her defence.
Contract th' indictment; ſpinning out the charge,
But ſhews you'd have her clear herſelf *at large.*

Nor yet abruptly ſhould you leave the fair,
And, like Ulyſſes, drive them to deſpair:
To no ſuch violent methods I'll adviſe,
Nor aid a lover, while his miſtreſs dies.
I mean not Cupid's purple wings to clip,
Nor break his bow, or feather'd arrows ſtrip.
The counſels that I give are juſt and true,
Do you as faithfully my rules purſue.
Phœbus, to thee once more for aid I run;
Aſſiſt me, as thou haſt already done.
He comes, he comes, he'll inſtantly appear,
His quiver, and his ſounding harp I hear,
Both ſigns moſt certain that the god is near.

Compare your baſtard ſcarlet with the right,
The diff'rence will appear, tho' both are bright.
Your charmer ſo by firſt rate beauties place,
And her defects by brighter luſtre trace.
Pallas was tall and graceful, ſternly fair,
And Juno carry'd a majeſtic air;
Singly they pleas'd, and by each other charm'd,
But both by Venus' preſence were diſarm'd.

Nor manhood yet muſt you ſo far diſgrace
As to become the vaſſal of a face,
Nor to mere beauty your devotion pay;
Her breeding, humour, and her manners weigh:
But in the ſcale of an impartial mind,
Or inclination will your judgment blind.

What more I have to ſay, will lie compris'd
In little room, but muſt not be deſpis'd.

Thoſe ſhort receipts have cures on many done,
And, of that number, I myſelf am one.
The letters ſent you, when your nymph was kind,
Reviſe not, for they'll ſhake your conſtant mind:
But ſay, when you commit them to the fire,
Be this the fun'ral pile of my deſire;
Periſh, my love; in this juſt flame expire.
Althæa burnt the fatal brand, and knew,
The brand conſuming, her own ſon ſhe ſlew.
Can you whoſe kindneſs had a worſe return,
Repine, a few deceitful words to burn?
No; make a total ſacrifice, nor ſpare
The very ſeal that does her image bear.
From all ſuch places too you muſt remove,
As ever have been conſcious to your love.
You'll ſay, (and grieve to think thoſe joys are fled)
This was th' apartment, this the happy bed!
The dear remembrance will renew deſire,
And to freſh blaze blow up the ſleeping fire.
The Greeks cou'd wiſh t' have ſhun'd th' Eubæan coaſt,
And vengeful fire by which their fleet was loſt.
Wiſe ſailors tack, when Scylla's rock they ſpy;
So you ſhould from your miſtreſs' dwelling fly:
There ſtands the rock, on which you ſplit before,
Imagine there you hear Charybdis roar.
But chance itſelf ſometimes may ſtand your friend,
And give your griefs an unexpected end.
Had Phædra's wealth to poverty declin'd,
She never for Hippolitus had pin'd.
Or were Medea born a rural maid,
No faithleſs Jaſon had implor'd her aid.
But love in pamper'd palaces is bred,
By pleaſure and luxurious riches fed.

Not

Not Hecale or Irus could arrive
At Hymen's joys, tho' long they did ſurvive:
For both were poor; and Cupid ſtill ſhoots high,
His ſhafts above the humble cottage fly.
Yet ſo ſevere a cure I can't approve,
Or bid you ſtarve yourſelf, to ſtarve your love.

But ne'er frequent the wanton theatre,
Where vain deſires in all their pomp appear;
From muſic, dancing, and an am'rous part,
Perform'd to th' life, how can you guard your heart?

Againſt myſelf, I frank confeſſion make;
Into your hands no am'rous poet take,
Whoſe Siren muſes draw the liſt'ning throng,
And charm them into ruin by their ſong.
Callimachus firſt from your ſight remove,
Baniſh Philetas next; th' are friends to love.
How oft have Sappho's odes ſet me on fire?
Who can contain, that hears Anacreon's lyre?
Who reads Tibullus, muſt his paſſion feel;
Propertius can diſſolve a heart of ſteel:
Nor Gallus fails the coldeſt breaſt to warm;
And ev'n my muſe has found the art to charm.

But if Apollo, who conducts my ſong,
Secure me in this point from gueſſing wrong;
The pain with which moſt ſenſibly you're griev'd,
Is on th' account of jealouſy conceiv'd.
No fear of rivals muſt your heart torment:
For true, or falſe, yet for your own content,
At leaſt perſuade yourſelf that you have none;
And that the harmleſs creature ſleeps alone.
Oreſtes ne'er could find his nymph had charms,
'Till he beheld her in another's arms.

Why

Why, Menelaus, doſt thou now take on?
In Crete you long could ſantering ſtay alone;
Your Helen's abſence ne'er diſturb'd your reſt:
No ſooner fled ſhe, with her Trojan gueſt,
The royal cuckold raves, and he muſt make
A ten years war, to fetch the harlot back.
'Twas on this ſcore the fierce Achilles wept;
With Agamemnon his Briſeis ſlept.
Good cauſe to weep, the maiden toy was got,
Or great Alcides was a ſov'reign ſot.
His game of love were Ovid to have play'd,
The poet had the better hero made.
At laſt, with gifts, he did the loſs reſtore,
And that ſhe was untouch'd profoundly ſwore,
Swore by his ſcepter;——nor can that ſeem odd;
He knew his ſceptre but a wooden god.

O could you once arrive but to the pow'r,
As unconcern'd, to paſs your miſtreſs' door!
Strongly reſolve, tho' ne'er ſo loth to ſtir,
For now's the time to ſtretch with whip and ſpur.
Think there's the Siren's den, the deadly bay,
Make all the ſail you can and ſcud away.
Your fond reſentment quit, and condeſcend
To take your very rival for your friend.
Salute him kindly, tho' with deep regret;
Embrace him, I'll pronounce your cure compleat.

Now to perform a true phyſician's part,
And ſhew I'm perfect maſter of my art;
I will preſcribe what diet you ſhould uſe,
What food you ought to take, and what refuſe.
Muſhrooms of ev'ry ſort provoke deſire,
Salacious rockets ſet your veins on fire:

The

The plant I recommend is wholſome rue;
It clears the ſight, and does the blood ſubdue:
But, in a word, of all the herbs that grow,
Take only ſuch as keep the body low.
If my opinion you would have of wine,
It quenches love, and does to love incline.
A little breath of wind but fans the fire,
Whoſe flame will in a greater blaſt expire.
In wine you muſt no moderation keep:
You muſt not drink at all; or drink ſo deep,
So large a doſe, as puts your cares to ſleep.
Now to our port we are arriv'd; bring down
The jolly wreath, our weary bark to crown.
Your grief redreſt, and now a happy throng,
Ye nymphs and youths applaud my healing ſong.

NOTES

NOTES

ON

OVID's REMEDY of LOVE.

THE author endeavours, in this treatiſe, to make amends for the hurt he did by the former; and propoſes ſeveral remedies in the caſe of love, ſome of which are very good and uſeful, as there are others very trivial, and not fit to be put in practice.

The title of this book when Cupid ſpy'd. Ovid begins this treatiſe as agreeably as he has done the others, and indeed his invention is ſo fruitful that he never wants grace. Cupid ſeems frighten'd at the very title of it, apprehending he is declaring war with him.

Your loyal poet wrong. Becauſe he had before ſung Cupid's power and exploits, in the three books of the *Art of Love*, and in his three books of *Amours*: beſides his heroical epiſtles, where he ſhews us, that no man ever underſtood the affairs of gallantry better than himſelf.

Like Diomede, to wound the queen of love. Alluding to that paſſage in Homer, where he makes Venus wounded by Diomedes in her right hand; ſee the fifth Iliad. Diomedes, the ſon of Tydeus, whom Minerva had ſo ſtrengthen'd that he was a match for the immortal Gods, and having given this wound to Venus, forc'd her

to

to retire back to heav'n as faſt as ſhe could in Mars's chariot.

Let your ſtep-father Mars. The fable of Mars and Venus being caught in the net is elegantly told in the *Art of Love*; and he is called Love's father-in-law, from his familiarity with his mother Venus.

A thouſand wheedling, &c. As may be ſeen in the ſecond ſcene of the ſecond act of Plautus's Curculio. And that lovers ſometimes rail'd at their miſtreſſes, we find in Tibullus, book 1. elegy 1.

Janua difficilis dominæ, te verberet imber, &c. The ſame may be ſeen by ſeveral paſſages in Propertius and Catullus.

Such was the cure th' Arcadian hero found. Telephus king of Myſia, ſon of Hercules and Auge, daughter of the king of Arcadia. He was called Telephus, from his having been nurſed by a doe in a wild place, where he was found by ſhepherds, who carry'd him to Corytus king of Theſſaly, by whom he was adopted for his ſon. When he was grown up to man's eſtate, he went to Delphos, to enquire out his parents of the oracle, which bid him go to Theutras king of Myſia, where he ſhould be inform'd of what he deſir'd; he there found his mother Auge, and when his birth was known, great was the joy of the Myſian court. Theutras, who had no male iſſue, gave him his daughter Argiope in marriage, and left him his ſucceſſor in the kingdom when he dy'd. The Trojan war happening ſome time after, the Greeks, who did not very well know their way to Troy, landed in Myſia, where Telephus gave them battle, and wounded Ulyſſes; but was himſelf dangerouſly wounded by Achilles: Conſulting the oracle about his cure, he was told he could never be cur'd unleſs he was wounded again in the ſame place with the ſame launce; upon which he went to Greece, whither the Grecians were return'd, and promis'd Achilles to be his guide to Troy, if he would cure him; accordingly the Grecian hero did cure him with the ſame launce that gave him the wound, Diodorus Siculus tells this ſtory in his fifth book, with large circumſtances. The launce was call'd Pelias, from Pelion or Peleus, the name of Achilles's father.

Nor had Demophoon, &c. He gives several instances of ladies who came to untimely ends, thro' their impatience in their loves. All their stories are well known.

Tereus' rape. He was chang'd into a lapwing. The fable of Philomel is mention'd in the *Art of Love.*

Nor Phædra. This story has also been already spoken of, and that of Paris and Helen, more than once; but Ovid here makes another use of them, and sets them as examples to be shunn'd, not imitated.

Phœbus, thou god of physic and of verse. Of heroic verse, as Tibullus writes: *Nec prosunt elegi, nec carminis auctor Apollo.* Pliny says we owe the origin of heroic verse to an oracle of this divinity; tho' some authors inform us that Phemonöe daughter of Apollo was the inventress of it; and others, that 'twas Carmanta Evander's mother, of whom mention is made in this poet's *de Fastis*, book 1.

Poor Myrrha ne'er had been. The history of Myrrha's passion for her father Cinyras, is admirably related in Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 7.

When Philoctetes, &c. He was the son of Pæan, and Hercules's faithful companion, who made him swear he would never discover where he lay bury'd, and gave him his arrows dipt in Hydra's blood. The Greeks being told by the oracle that they should never take Troy 'till they found the fatal arrows, importun'd Philoctetes to tell them where they were hid, which was in Hercules's tomb; and he discover'd it by stamping on it with his foot, to keep himself from perjury: But he was wounded in the foot for his prevarication, by one of those arrows, when he went to the Trojan war. However Machaon cur'd him. Ulysses brought him to Troy, and boasted of it in the speech he made to the Grecian princes, when he demanded Achilles's arms. See the 13th book of the Metamorphoses.

Take leave of idleness. An excellent remedy, and the most infallible in the distemper of love, which is begot by lazinesS and effeminacy.

Parthia fresh work, &c. Meaning the Parthian war, in which Tiberius commanded under Augustus.

The Ætolian spear. Diomedes's before-mention'd.

Ægisthus

Ægisthus seiz'd. The son of Thyestes, whose adulterous love to Clytemnestra prov'd so fatal to her husband Agamemnon, to himself and her; for he having kill'd his cousin-german, king Agamemnon, and seiz'd his kingdom and wife at his return from Troy, Orestes, that king's son, in revenge slew him, and even his own mother, for which he was haunted by the furies.

Or country work, &c. The antients are almost always happy in the description of a country life; this is equally natural and elegant. See Virgil's 2d Georgic.

Diana. Daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and the goddess of the champaign sports.

Hæmonian fields you rove. There were two mount Hæmus's, one in Macedonia, reaching from the Euxine to the Adriatick; the other in that part of Greece call'd Thessaly, which was famous for poisonous herbs, us'd in conjurations.

Think on Medea. That story has been already told.

And what did Circe's, &c. Circe poison'd her husband, the king of Sarmatæ, and was therefore banish'd by her subjects. In her exile she came to Italy, where she chang'd Scylla by her spells into a monster, and metamorphos'd Ulysses's companions into several sorts of beasts. Ulysses, after he had liv'd with her some time, left her. She was the daughter of the sun.

No second Rhesus, &c. Ulysses himself mentions his overcoming this Rhesus, in his speech against Ajax, in the 13th book of the Metamorphoses. He was king of Thrace, and assisted the Trojans with cavalry, but was defeated and slain by Diomedes and Ulysses.

My am'rous liberty. He alludes to his books of the *Art of Love*, which gave offence.

Malice gave obscure Zoilus a name. Vitruvius (lib. 7. *de Arch.*) relates of this Zoilus, that having compil'd books against Homer, and read them to Ptolemy king of Ægypt, the king made him no reply, being displeased that he should presume to censure so great a poet. Zoilus afterwards being reduc'd to want, came to beg relief of the same Ptolemy, who thus answer'd, *What! have the works of Homer, after his having been a thousand years in his grave, been able to maintain mil-*

lions of men; and cannot you, who pretend yourself a greater wit than he, by your writings maintain one? Zoilus some time after was accus'd of parricide, and crucify'd according to the execution then us'd by the ancients in the east. Almost all masters in any of the sciences have had their Zoilus's: Cicero, Ovid, and even Virgil himself, could not escape them.

The pious muse. He means Virgil, who is justly admir'd by all that can read and understand him. Yet this divine poet was not spar'd by the malice of some false critics; which ought to be a comfort to such as do well in the arts, when envy endeavours to wound them.

Mæonian strains. Homer was call'd Mæonian, but 'tis uncertain for what reason.

Callimachus would do Achilles wrong. Who that Callimachus was, has been said in the notes on the third book of the *Art of Love*.

Cydippe were no theme, &c. Callimachus wrote a poem on the loves of Cydippe and Acontius, which was call'd Cydippe.

Thais, &c. The name of a famous courtezan, whom Menander endeavour'd to represent as possest of all the cunning and qualifications of a person of that profession. Propertius mentions her in the 6th elegy of his 2d book.

Turba Menandreæ fuerat nec Thaidos olim
Tanta in quo populus lusit Erichthonius.

And elegy 5. book 1.

Sed potius mundi Thais pretiosa Menandri,
Cum ferit astutos comica Mæcha Getas.

There's also this title of an epigram in Martial. The Thais of Menander: In which that poet says of her,

Hæc primum juvenum lascivos lusit amores.
Hæc Glycere vera, Thais amica fuit.

In the third book of Ovid's *Art of Love* she is mention'd, *Ut sis liberior Thaide, finge metus;* and in the last elegy of his *Amorum*, book 1.

Dum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena,
Vixerit, et meretrix blanda, Menandros erit.

See the 13th chap. of the 13th book of Athanæus concerning this woman, as also the 5th book of Quintus Curtius

Curtius, and Plutarch in his life of Alexander. From whence 'tis easy to judge, that as often as the ancients make mention of Thais, they do not allude to Terence, but to Menander's comedies.

Burst envy, &c. A justice which Ovid does himself; and we may see by it, his reputation was very well settled, or he could not have said this with so much assurance.

Soft elegy in such esteem I've plac'd,

Not Virgil, &c. The poet gives us to understand, he had made himself as famous for elegiac verse, as Virgil was for heroic; and at the same time that he praises himself, he gives the highest commendation to Virgil. Propertius, Tibullus, and Catullus, excell'd also in the elegy, which they wrote in imitation of Callimachus and Euphorion.

By one small viper's bite. This is a little malicious on the sex, and shews that the least vice of a mistress is fatal to a lover.

I would, at once, two mistresses advise. For love when divided is always least violent. This remedy is not so sure, as 'tis dishonourable.

No sooner Minos did fair Procris view. Procris or Plotis, and not Prognis, as 'tis in some editions. This Procris was a very beautiful virgin, with whom Minos fell in love. After which he turned off Pasiphae, who out of revenge or want prostituted herself scandalously, as the commentator on Pindar, cited by Merula, tells us. She was the daughter of the sun, and in the fable is famous for her falling in love with a bull, and bringing forth the Minotaur.

Soon Alcmæon fled. Alcmæon was the son of Amphiaraus, and brother of Amphilochus; who endeavouring to purify himself for the crime he had committed in murdering his mother Eriphile, came to Phegeus, father of Alphesibœa, to whom he gave his mother's fatal chain, and marry'd her. Afterwards going to visit Achelous, he was enamour'd of his daughter Callirhoe; who demanding of him that precious chain, he return'd to Alphesibœa to fetch it, but was kill'd by her brothers Timeno and Axionas, and bury'd in the Acropolis of

Zacynthus, where grew cypreſs-trees, which they call virgins. In the mean time Alpheſibœa, to revenge her huſband's death, kill'd her two brothers, as Pauſanius reports in his 7th book. Ovid has touch'd lightly on this ſtory in the 8th of his Metamorphoſes.

Oenone ſtill had Paris' miſtreſs been. She was the daughter of the river Troas, according to Apollodorus, and of Xanthus, according to others. Her ſtory is told more at large in the 5th of Ovid's Heroical Epiſtles, from Oenone to Paris. When Hecuba, Priam's wife, and Paris's mother, was with child of him, ſhe dream'd ſhe had a firebrand in her womb, which ſhould conſume Troy to aſhes. To prevent Priam's making him away, Hecuba ſent him to mount Ida, to be bred up in the mean condition of a ſhepherd; and when he grew up, he marry'd Oenone. There he had a viſion of the three naked goddeſſes, was made arbiter of their beauties, and gave the golden apple, upon which was writen *Detur pulchriori*, to Venus, who had promiſed him the faireſt woman in the world if he decided the diſpute in her favour; Pallas tempted him with wiſdom, and Juno with power, both which he ſlighted, and preferr'd pleaſure. His father afterwards coming to the knowledge of him, and admitting him to court, he from thence went to Sparta, ſtole Helen, and Hecuba's dream prov'd but too true.

So Progne's beauty. This fable has been hinted on before. She was the daughter of Pandion king of Athens, and ſiſter of Philomela. She married Tereus of Thrace, and underſtanding by the repreſentation of her ſiſter Philomel's misfortune's work'd in tapeſtry, how ſhe had been abus'd by her huſband, Progne, with a company of Bacchanal's at the feaſt of Bacchus, firſt ſet Philomel at liberty, her huſband having impriſon'd her, and then kill'd, roaſted, and diſh'd up her ſon Itys for Tereus, who would have kill'd her: But they were all transform'd, Tereus into a lapwing, Progne into a ſwallow, Philomel into a nightingale, and Itys into a pheaſant.

The beauteous captive, &c. Her name was Aſtynome, and her father's Chryſes. He was Apollo's prieſt; and the

the god, to revenge the affront offer'd him in the person of his priest, sent a plague among the Greeks for Agamemnon's ravishing her, which was not taken off 'till that king of kings restor'd the young lady to her father by Calchas's advice. This story is describ'd at large in the first book of Homer's Iliad, as is also the rape of Briseis, Achilles's mistress, who was so disgusted at Agamemnon's taking her from him, that he refus'd to fight, and kept himself close in his tent; 'till hearing his friend Patroclus, to whom he had lent his arms, was kill'd, he return'd to the battle, and slew Hector.

My throne shall to Thersites be resign'd, &c. Thersites was the ugliest among the Greeks, a great talker, of whom Homer speaks in his 2d Iliad; he was one-ey'd, hump-back'd, and lame. Juvenal in his 8th satire adds, he was also bald.

Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis,
Æacidæ similis, ———

And in the eleventh satire,

——— *Nec enim loricam poscit Achilles*
Thersites, in qua se traducebat Ulysses
Ancipitem.

Drink freely then, &c. This is not the only advice which Ovid gives, that has a little too much of Libertinism in it; but he proposes a less evil to avoid a greater.

Machaon, son of Æsculapius, and brother to Podalirius, who both inherited the gift of medicine of their father. Homer mentions them; and Cantaber says, Machaon was kill'd at the siege of Troy by Euryphilus.

Lethæan loves. Lethe, the river of forgetfulness. There was one in Lydia of that name, another in Macedon, another in Spain, and another in Crete.

Think on a gaol, &c. In the original, *Qui puteal, Janumque timet, celeresque Calendas.*

Who Libo's wells and the swift Calends fears.

He calls the wells Puteal. Acron upon Horace writes, 'twas a place in Rome where the pretor, bankers, and other men of business us'd to meet. But others, that 'twas a court of justice near the Flaminian Circus, called

call'd Libo's, because he was the first who erected it. Horace speaks of it in his 19th epistle to Mæcenas.

—— *Forum, putealque Libonis*
Mandabo siccis: adimam cantare severis.

He mentions the Puteal in the 6th satire of his 2d book.

Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad puteal cras.

And Propertius,

Si puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas.

The poet by the swift Calends understands the month of January, when creditors su'd their debtors; and this court was near the temple of Janus. They are call'd swift Calends, from that being days of payment, debtors thought they came round very fast. This thought reflects on the extravagance of lovers, who squander away their estates, run in debt, and ruin themselves by their amours, as Horace says, book 1. satire 3.

Odisti et fugis, ut Drusonem debitor æris,
Qui, nisi cum tristes misero venere Calendæ,
Mercedem, aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.

And at the end of the 2d epode,

Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Calendis ponere.

The first days of the other months were pay-days, as well as those of January, but not a term for suing: and from these Calends Augustus us'd to say of any one that was insolvent, or would not pay his debts, he will pay at the Greek Calends, that is, never; the Greeks having no Calends, as the Romans had.

My Palinurus gone. Palinurus was one of Æneas's companions, and his pilot; who falling asleep at the helm, tumbled with it in his hand into the sea, and after three days swimming arriv'd at port Velino in Italy, where he was robb'd and kill'd by the inhabitants. For this they were severely plagued, and having consulted Apollo's oracle, to appease his ghost consecrated a grove to him, and built him a tomb on the next promontory, call'd still by the Italians the Cape of Palinurus.

To comfort you, some Pylades admit. Pylades, son of king Strophius, and faithful friend of Orestes, whom he would have sav'd from being sacrific'd to Diana, pretending

ing he was Oreſtes; Oreſtes affirming to the contrary; but the generous ſtrife was ended by the prieſteſs Iphigenia, who knowing her brother Oreſtes, both were ſav'd.

Wild as a bacchanal. As a Theban, celebrating the Trietericks, the ſervices that were made to Bacchus every three years, as Servius obſerves on thoſe words of the 4th Æneid, where Virgil ſpeaks of the furious agitation Dido was in.

——— *Qualis commotis excita ſacris*
Thyas, ubi audito ſtimulant trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnuſque vocat clamore Cithæron.

Orgia, the feaſts and ſacrifices of Bacchus, which were commonly celebrated by raving women on the mountains. This ſtory of Phyllis and Demophoon has been touch'd on before in the *Art of Love*, as alſo in the 2d epiſtle of Ovid's heroics, from Phyllis to Demophoon.

To one in love, or lovers company. There's a ſort of dangerous infection in it. And indeed nothing is more certain, than that what is bad is more eaſily communicated to another, than what is good; which the poet juſtifies by ſimilies, as he is wont to do. Juvenal ſpeaks of this infection, in the ſame ſenſe that Ovid does.

——— *Dedit hanc contagio labem,*
Et dabit in plures, ſicut grex totus in agris
Unius ſcabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

Muſt to her friends and kindred bid adieu. Muſt renounce all ſorts of commerce with every thing that belongs to her; which is one of the beſt remedies againſt ſo contagious a diſtemper, but hard to be put in practice.

Nor like Ulyſſes, &c. He not only abandon'd Circe, but Calypſo, queen of Ogygia, who had been as kind to him as Circe.

His quiver and his ſounding harp. The ſame Mercury gave him, with which he vanquiſh'd Marſyas, who challeng'd him to a trial of ſkill in muſic, for which he was a little too ſeverely puniſh'd. Apollo himſelf repenting of it, is ſaid to break the ſtrings of his lyre, and, according to Diodorus, would not a long time make uſe of it.

Compare

Compare your baſtard ſcarlet, &c. The Lacedæmonian with the Tyrian; for the dye of Amyclea, near Lacedæmon, was inferior to that of Tyre, as Pliny witneſſes; *Rorem pupuræ præcipuum eſſe Aſiæ in Tyro*: For ſuch was the opinion the ancients had of it. We have noted as much before.

Pallas, &c. Alluding to the viſion of thoſe three goddeſſes by Paris on mount Ida.

Althæa burnt the fatal brand. Althæa wife of Oeneus king of Calydonia, and mother of Meleager, who hearing all her other ſons were kill'd in a ſedition, in a fury flung the brand into the fire, upon which the fate of Meleager depended, and then ſtabb'd or hang'd herſelf.

To have ſhunn'd the Eubœan coaſt. Nauplius king of Euboea and Seriphus, the father of Palamedes, to revenge the death of his ſon, ſet up a watch-light upon a promontory, which the Greeks, being overtaken in a ſtorm, took for a ſignal of a ſafe landing-place, and ſo fell in among the rocks, as Nauplius intended it: But he finding Ulyſſes had eſacp'd, in a rage threw himſelf into the ſea. Theſe lights are now us'd to ſhew where rocks lie, and not where there are none.

When Scylla's locks they ſpy. Scylla daughter of Niſus. She was chang'd into a rock near Charybdis in the Sicilian ſtraits; or as others ſay, in the ſtraits of Megara: But 'tis controverted whether ſhe was the ſame who was metamorphos'd into a rock or not. There were two Scylla's, and the poets confound the fables one with another. 'Tis ſaid that Scylla, daughter of Niſus, falling in love with Minos, who had beſieged Megara, of which her father was king, ſhe cut off that lock of hair on which his ſtrength and fortune depended; and the city being taken, he was turn'd into an Oſprey. Minos afterwards ſlighting Scylla, ſhe died of deſpair, and was metamorphos'd into a lark. Yet Propertius ſays otherwiſe, elegy 4. book 4.

Quid mirum in patrios Scyllam ſæviſſe capillos?
Candidaque in ſævos inguina verſa canes?

Virgil,

Virgil, in his 6th eclogue writes,

Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris.

And Ovid in the 4th of his *de Fastis*, *Et non Nisæi naufraga monstra canes.* See the 11th elegy of the 3d book of his *Amorum.*

Per nos Scylla patri canos furata capillos,
Pube premit rabidos inguinibusque canes.

As also the 4th book of his Metamorphoses. Lucretius speaking of the latter Scylla, says,

Aut rabidis canibus succincta semimarinis
Corporibus Scylla.

This Scylla was the daughter of Phareus, who, according to the fable, was changed into a monster, whose lower parts were dogs; and the occasion of it was the dreadful noise made by the waves and winds on that rock. But we see the greatest of ancient poets confound the one fable with the other.

You hear Charybdis roar, &c. Servius tells us, she was a gluttonous woman, who having stolen Hercules's oxen, was thunderstruck by Jupiter, and thrown headlong into the sea, where she keeps still her natural disposition of devouring all things. This rock lies overagainst Zanclea in Sicily, at the entrance of the straits of Messina, from whence she is sometimes called Zanclæa. Strabo writes, the rock is prodigiously hollow; and Propertius, speaking of Scylla and Charybdis, elegy 12. book 3. says,

Scyllaque, et alternas, scissa Charybdis, aquas.

And elegy 26. and book 2.

Crede mihi, nobis mitescet Scylla, nec unquam
Alternante vorans vasta Charybdis aqua.

See the 3d Æneid of Virgil, Seneca's 8th epistle, the 4th book of Thucydides, the 2d of Cicero's Philippics, the 4th book of Apollonius, and Hyginus, fable 125. book 1.

Not Hecale or Irus, &c. Hecale was a poor old woman, who entertained Theseus at her cottage in one of

of his enterprises; and Irus one of Penelope's suitors, who being extremely poor was almost starved, and so weak that Ulysses knock'd him o' the head with his fist. Irus's poverty occasioned the proverb *Iro pauperior*. He is spoken of in the epistle from Penelope to Ulysses.

Irus egens pecorisque Melanthius auctor edendi.

And in his invective against Ibis:

Qualis erat nec non fortuna binominis Iri:

Propertius, in the 5th elegy of his 3d book, opposes Crœsus's wealth to Irus's poverty:

Dulichio Lydius non distat Crœsus ab Iro.

And Martial,

Cum sis tam pauper, quam nec miserabilis Irus.

From music, dancing, &c. Meaning that of the Mimes, where the postures were very debauch'd, and the sight of them dangerous to manners. Upon which Propertius, book 2. elegy 22.

O nimis exitio nata theatra meo!
Sive aliquis molli diducit candida gestu
Brachia, seu varios incinit ore modos.

Ovid, talking of the theatres, in the 1st elegy of his book *de Fastis*, writes,

Ut tandem fatear, ludi quoque semina præbent
Nequitiæ: tolli tota theatra jube.

Juvenal, in his 6th satire,

——Cuneis an habent spectacula totis
Quod securus ames.——

And Ovid again, in the 4th elegy of the 2d book of his *Amorum*, speaking of the dancing of the Mimes.

Illa placet gestu, numerosaque brachia ducit,
Et tenerum molli torquet ab arte latus.

Statius, in the 3d book of his *Sylvæ*,

Candida seu molli diducit brachia motu
Mollia.

Juvenal again, in the above-mentioned satire, says of these dancers.

Cheironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo.

There's an excellent treatise of it in Lucan.

Into

Into your hands no amorous poet take. Soft poems, elegies of love, and pleasant songs, revive amorous fancies, and should be avoided. Ovid names the very poets, whom he advis'd the lovers to read in his *Art of Love*, as Callimachus, Philetas, Tibullus, Propertius, and Gallus; and for the same reason that they were good then, are bad now. The moderns may be allow'd to read them, because there are several historical events to be met with in them, and not to learn their sentiments.

Orestes ne'er cou'd find his nymph had charms. Hermione, his cousin-german, daughter of Menelaus and Helena, whom Tyndarus, Helen's father, marry'd to Pyrrhus, Achilles's son, though she was contracted to Orestes.

With Agamemnon, &c. Ovid calls him the son of Plisthenes, for indeed neither he nor Menelaus were the sons of Atreus, though they are so often call'd Atrides, both of them being begot by Plisthenes, brother of Atreus, and Thyestes, who dying before his two elder brothers, left his two sons in charge with Atreus the eldest, who bred them up as carefully as if they had been his own children; for which reason, as Micyllus observes, they always pass'd for such.

He knew his scepter, &c. He means that of Agamemnon which was made by Vulcan, who presented it to Jupiter, and he gave it to Mercury, Mercury to Pelops, and he to Atreus, who left it at his death to Thyestes, and Thyestes gave it to Agamemnon, to shew his royal power in Argos, according to the report of Homer in the 2d book of his Iliads.

Think there's the Siren's den, &c. *Illo Lotophagos.* In the original *Lotophages*, that is, eaters of the fruit of a certain tree call'd *Lotos*. The Lotophages were a people of Africa, who, as Strabo writes, inhabited an island called Menynge: Ulysses's company having tasted of this country fruit, thought no more of their return, so delicious did they think it. Thus Homer writes in his Odysses, and also Silius in his 3d book.

——— *Quos succo nobilis arbor,*
Et dulci pascit lotos nimis hospita Baccho.

Pliny says the Lotos came from the country of the Nazomonians near the Syrtes, rocks or rather shelves on the coasts of Africa. The tree was as big as a pear tree, and the fruit about the bigness of a bean, of a saffron colour, and extremely sweet. But it changed its nature if transplanted into Italy. The Sirens are reported to sing of this shore.

Mushrooms of every sort provoke desire.

Salacious rocket, &c. *An venient Megaris*, says the poet, which grows in the territory of Megara. Pausanias says this province was a part of Attica, book 1. The Bœotians called it Megara, from Megareus, the son of Neptune, who being bury'd in this place, 'twas afterwards call'd Megara. The Megareans add, that twelve ages after the captivity of the son of Phoroneus, Lelagus coming from Egypt obtained the kingdom of Megara, from whence the people were called Lelagi. There was a famous fort named Alcathous, from the name of a son of Pelops, who built it, and dy'd there.

The jolly wreath our weary bark to crown. The poet having finished his work, demands a time of rest, and to enjoy the glory he had deserved by his labour, as the seamen when they enter their port after a long voyage; which is the same simile Virgil makes use of in his 1st Georgick.

Ceu pressæ quam jam portum tetigere carinæ,
Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas.

It being the custom to adorn the ship with garlands on such occasions.

OVID's

OVID's

ART of BEAUTY.

ONCE more, ye fair, attend your master's song,
And learn what method will your charms prolong:
What happy art best recommends the face;
What heightens beauty; what preserves a grace.
Art improves nature; 'twas by art we found
The vast advantage of the furrow'd ground;
The soil manur'd, a fruitful harvest bore,
Where thorns and hungry brambles grew before.
By art the gard'ner grafts his trees, to bear
A kinder fruit, and recompense his care.
A gilded roof delights our captive eyes,
And stately monuments the sight surprise,
Tho' sordid earth beneath the polish'd marble lies.
The fleece may be with royal purple dy'd,
And India precious ivory provide,
To please your fancies, and supply your pride.
When Tatius rul'd the ancient Sabine race,
Then rough, and careless of a handsome face,
The women took more pains to earn their bread
At plow, and cart, than how to dress their head;

All day their task the busy matrons ply'd,
Or spinning sat, as to their distaffs ty'd.
The mother then at night would fold the sheep
Her little daughter us'd by day to keep.
And when at home, would cleave out logs of wood,
Or kindle up a fire to boil their food.
  But you, by nature form'd in finer molds,
Must wrap your tender limbs in silken folds;
Wear lawns, and tissue, sleep in damask beds,
And with gay knots and wires adorn your heads;
Your ears with pendants, lockets on your arms;
Besides a thousand other nameless charms.
Nor needs this care to please a blush create;
The men themselves have learn'd to dress of late:
You are not now particular in clothes,
The husband and the bridegroom both are beaux.
Dress then, (and 'tis no sin to dress with art)
For that's the way to wound the lover's heart.
  Ev'n those that live remote in country towns,
Will dress their hair with flowers, and daisie crowns,
And deck and prank themselves, to please the clowns.
Besides, all women take a secret pride
In being fine, (or else they are bely'd;)
For when the conscious maid her glass explores,
And finds she's handsome, she herself adores.
Thus Juno's bird with silent pride will raise
And spread his stary plumes, when e'er he meets with praise.
  This method will oblige our sex to love,
And more than magic herbs their passions move.
Trust not to philtres, all such stuff forbear,
Nor try the venom of the lustful mare;

'Tis

'Tis all a jest——no snakes by such a force
Enchanted burst, no rivers change their course:
Nor can they make the moon from heaven descend;
Whate'er some superstitious fools pretend.
First learn good breeding, that I first advise;
Good carriage oft the other wants supplies.
For when ill-natur'd age shall rudely glow
Injurious furrows on your wrinkled brow,
You then perhaps may chide the tell-tale glass,
That shews the frightful ruins of your face:
But if good humour to the last remain
Ev'n age may please, and love his force retain.
Now on, my muse; and tell 'em, when they rise,
When downy sleep forsakes their tender eyes,
How they may look as fair as morning skies.
Vetches, and beaten barley let 'em take,
And with the whites of eggs a mixture make;
Then dry the precious paste with sun and wind,
And into powder very gently grind.
Get harts-horn next, (but let it be the first
That creature sheds,) and beat it well to dust,
Six pounds in all: then mix and sift 'em well,
And think the while how fond Narcissus fell:
Six roots to you that pensive flower must yield
To mingle with the rest, well bruis'd, and cleanly peel'd;
Two ounces next of gum, and thural seed,
That for the gracious gods does incense breed,
And let a double share of honey last succeed.
With this whatever damsel paints her face,
Will need no flattering glass to shew a grace.
Nor fear to break the Lupine shell in vain,
Take out the seeds, then close it up again,
But do it quick, and grind both shell and grain:

Six pounds of each: Take fineſt ceruſe next,
With flower *de lis*, and ſnow of nitre mixt:
Theſe let ſome brawny beater ſtrongly pound,
That makes the mortar with loud ſtrokes reſound:
Till juſt an ounce the compoſition's found.
Add next the froth of which the halcyon builds
Her floating neſt; a precious balm it yields,
That clears the face from freckles in a trice:
Of this about three ounces may ſuffice.
But ere you uſe it, rob the labouring bee,
To fix the maſs, and make the parts agree.
Then add your nitre, but with ſpecial care,
And take of frankincenſe an equal ſhare:
Tho' frankincenſe the angry gods appeaſe,
We muſt not waſte it all their luxury to pleaſe.
To this put a ſmall quantity of gum,
With ſo much myrrh, as may the reſt perfume.
Let theſe, well beat, be thro' a ſearce refin'd,
And ſee you keep the honey all behind.
A handful too of well-dry'd roſe-leaves take,
With frankincenſe and *Sal Armoniac*:
Of frankincenſe a double portion uſe;
Then into theſe the oil of malt infuſe.
Thus in ſhort time a roſy bluſh will grace,
And with a thouſand charms ſupply the face.
Some too, in water, leaves of poppies bruiſe,
And ſpread upon their cheeks the purple juice.

THE

THE COURT OF LOVE, A TALE; FROM CHAUCER.

By Mr *MAYNWARING.*

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THE COURT OF LOVE.

ONCE as I lay, by heavy sleep oppress'd,
With this strange whim my fancy was possess'd;
I dreamt that Cupid call'd me to his court
On mount Cithera, where his slaves resort;
Where Venus, queen and Goddess fills the throne,
Her kingdom sharing with her darling son:
There was I straight commanded to appear,
By Mercury, the winged messenger:
Away I went, through strange and distant lands,
The coast enquiring where Love's palace stands;
At last a crowd of travellers I found,
And ask'd them whither they so fast were bound:
One, looking like a maid, cry'd, Gentle friend,
To Cupid's court our willing steps we bend:
Oh! where's his court? said I: The nymph reply'd,
High on Cithera stands, with tow'ring pride,
A stately castle, his imperial seat,
In which he lives magnificently great.

Her

Her ſteps I follow'd, 'till my eager ſight,
Reaching the hill, found her deſcription right;
Amaz'd I ſaw the building large and ſtrong,
Vaſt were the domes, the marble turrets long,
But gold and jewels hid the maſſy ſtone,
And ſtretching to the ſkies, with luſtre ſhone:
Saphires and rubies mingled various lights,
More ſparkling than the ſtars in winter nights;
And Phœbus darted on this happy place
His luſtre to regain the queen's good grace;
For chancing once unluckily to find
Mars in her arms, he had enrag'd her mind;
But now to pleaſe th' offended queen he ſtrove,
Which ſhow'd his longing for the ſweets of love.
For all the gods that on Olympus dwell,
Ev'n Jove and Pluto, kings of heav'n and hell,
All things that live on earth, or breathe above,
The mighty joys of this beſt realm approve.
Arriv'd at court, I found the palace-rooms
Adorn'd with hangings made in coſtly looms:
Fair maids I met, that mov'd with heav'nly grace,
And young men walking with a luſty pace;
Old men I ſaw too, but I could not dream
What ſervice Venus could receive from them.
Penſive I ſtood, and fearful to be ſeen,
'Till one I ſpy'd belonging to the queen,
Call'd Philomel; I knew her once a maid,
But all her life ſhe lov'd: My friend, ſhe ſaid,
Welcome to Cupid's court; but you, I fear,
Receiv'd from Mercury a ſummons here.
I anſwer'd, Yes: She ſaid, Your negligence
Will then be thought a wilful dire offence;

For

For all that live in luxury and eaſe,
By nature form'd the charming ſex to pleaſe,
To this fam'd palace early ſhould repair,
And haſten to the ſervice of the fair;
But you that abſent durſt ſo long remain,
Without a boat had better croſs the main,
Than bear the curſe that diſobedience draws
On bold contemners of love's ſacred laws:
For no unhappy men ſuch torments bear,
As wretches doom'd to feel affliction here.
Soon they perceive their appetites decay'd,
Love makes their health decreaſe, their colour fade.
Long ſince I tempted you to Cupid's court:
Now he'll receive you with a ſullen port.
Perhaps repentance may the god aſſuage:
But why would you ſo long provoke his rage?
I anſwer'd thus:——With ſorrow I repent,
Wretch that I am, a life ſo vainly ſpent:
And having ſpoke, by her I ſtraight was led
To a vaſt hall, with various carpets ſpread,
And cloth of gold; on which I wond'ring found
A throne of ſtate, erected from the ground,
Where Venus ſat, with her imperial ſon;
Each had a ſceptre, and a radiant crown.
To ſee their pomp, I could 'till now have ſtood
Thoughtleſs of drink, and deſtitute of food;
The pleaſures of the fam'd Elyſian field
Can no ſuch rapture to a ſtranger yield:
No wonder Venus, bleſs'd with ſuch a mien,
And ſuch a perſon, reigns, of beauty queen.
Her golden hair diſhevell'd, criſp, and long,
In eaſy curls around her ſhoulders hung;

And ev'ry beam that's darted from her eyes,
Piercing and ſharp, like pointed arrows flies.
The *king of love* had danger by his ſide,
The *queen* deſpair: and looking further wide,
Attendance, fear, and flattery, I view'd,
And hope, with ſtrength above the reſt endu'd;
And wrinkled jealouſy; with young delight,
Open and free, and cheerful to the ſight;
And envy lurking in a ſecret place,
Lean was her body, leering was her face;
Repining at the fortunate ſhe ſat,
And at that diſtance one might ſee her fret.
Below the throne, an humble ſighing crowd
With preſſing ſuits, and warm petitions bow'd.
Then Philomel I aſk'd, whence came the tide
Of all thoſe thronging ſuppliants? She reply'd,
From diverſe realms they come: Thoſe dreſs'd in blue
Shew by that colour, they have ſtill been true:
The men in black lament, that thoſe they love
Are ſick, or dead, or that they cruel prove.
What makes thoſe prieſts, ſaid I, in court appear;
Have they the privilege of ſerving here?
The dame reply'd, Full many maids can tell
None are more welcome, and none ſerve ſo well.
While thus I view'd, with Philomel, the crowd,
A herald from the king cry'd out aloud,
Come all ye ſtrangers, to the throne draw near,
And inſtantly before the king appear.
In haſte I ran, and kneel'd before the throne,
All pale and trembling; as a wretch undone:
The king look'd ſternly, and demanded, why
I came ſo late, and what I could reply?

Weeping,

Weeping, I anſwer'd, Oh, my ſov'reign lord,
One act of mercy to your ſlave afford;
If yet, a rebel, both in word and thought,
I never lov'd ſo truly as I ought;
I will henceforth endeavour to fulfil
The juſt decrees of your almighty will.
Well, all is pardon'd, he replied, if now
To me allegiance and true faith you'll vow:
Then ſtraight he call'd an officer of ſtate,
His name is Rigour, ſolemn was his gait,
And grim his look; unmov'd with gold or pray'r;
A ſtatute book he brought, and ſaid, " You ſwear
" True to remain, in deed, in thought, and word,
" To Venus and her ſon, your ſovereign lord:
" To love one fair unchangeably 'till death,
" And own your paſſion with your lateſt breath:
" To bear the various temper of her mind,
" And let her will your juſt obedience find:
" To give the honour to her virtue due,
" And think all tales, that blaſt her fame, untrue:
" To ſwear her conduct is *exactly* right,
" And, in defence of that opinion, *fight*:
" To find what preſent or device ſhe loves,
" And oft to ſend her what ſhe moſt approves:
" To write, to dreſs, and practiſe ev'ry art
" Yourſelf to recommend, and gain her heart:
" To take no pleaſure, abſent from her ſight,
" But by reflecting on your paſt delight:
" Nor abſence long endure, but juſtly chuſe,
" Rather than live from her, your life to loſe."
All this I ſwore: and as I turn'd the book,
On other ſtatutes of the realm to look,

Rigour cry'd out, Hold, traitor to the queen,
Thoſe ſacred ſtatutes are not to be ſeen:
Thoſe are the laws for womankind ordain'd,
That with mens eyes were never yet profan'd;
Not ev'n with mine, tho' I on Venus wait,
Long truſted with her deep affairs of ſtate.
Believe me, friend, mankind muſt ſtill deſpair
To know the rules and maxims of the fair;
And when you ſee 'em change with ev'ry wind,
Themſelves indulging, to their ſlaves unkind,
Conclude their duty to theſe laws they pay;
Which, though unwillingly, they muſt obey.
Now ſeek the temple of the queen of love,
And may her ſon your juſt deſires approve:
All you whoſe choice is made, her grace implore,
To ſerve and pleaſe the ladies you adore;
And each that wants a miſtreſs, pray to find,
By her propitious aid, ſome beauty kind.
We all obey'd the words that Rigour ſpoke,
Devoutly, ſlow and eaſy ſteps we took,
Ent'ring the temple, which fam'd artiſts built,
Soft was the front, the lovely roof was gilt;
The cheerful quire with well carv'd work was lin'd,
And am'rous paintings on the pillars ſhin'd.
There Dido, that unhappy dying queen,
With falſe Æneas, in one piece was ſeen:
And other pictures round the walls were ſpread
Of men and maids, for love untimely dead.
Rais'd in the middle iſle, fond ſouls to awe,
A golden image of the queen we ſaw;
This all ador'd: Some looking freſh and fair,
Some worn with grief, or blaſted by deſpair:

Some

Some in new mantles dreſs'd; and ſome in old,
Like half-ſtarv'd beggars, ugly to behold.
Some pale as death appear'd; ſome glow'd like fire,
Confeſſing ſo their inward fierce deſire;
Theſe with their loud complaints the queen beſought
To cure thoſe ills that cruel love had wrought;
And puniſh all ſuch authors of their woes,
As mock'd their ſufferings, or had broke their vows.
But all the happy there, whoſe envy'd lives
Were bleſs'd with joys, which bounteous Venus gives,
Cry'd, Goddeſs, hail! propitious to redreſs
The cares of mortals, and their hearts to bleſs;
May no diviſions in your realm be found,
Since the whole world in love's ſoft chains is bound:
This is the life of joy your vot'ries know,
Who feel their bliſs of paradiſe below:
Love cures our vices, and refines our hearts;
The ſource of manners, induſtry and parts:
Honour to you, celeſtial queen, we pay,
Whoſe minds are lighted with your beauty's ray.
Taught by the pray'r theſe happy lovers made,
I try'd my wit, and thus devoutly ſaid,
Faireſt of all that e'er in nature ſhin'd,
Light of the world, and comfort of mankind,
To you, O goddeſs, I my heart bequeath,
Freely beſtow a thing that's yours till death;
Yours be the choice, I only wiſh to find
A faithful miſtreſs, beautiful, and kind:
No woman yet my ſettled paſſion moves,
One I have ſeen, whom moſt my ſoul approves;
Of ſtature low, caſt in a lovely mold,
Healthful and young, with hair more bright than gold;

Her looks are freſh, her countenance demure,
Her eyes, tho' killing, look like cryſtal pure:
Her could I ſerve; but if your high decree
That fair denies, ſome other find for me,
With whom in pleaſure I may ſpend my life;
My miſtreſs, empreſs, any thing but wife:
So will I always ſacrifice to you,
And with Diana conſtant war purſue;
A fig for her and all her chaſtity,
Let monks and friars her diſciples be.
Thus in the temple having ſaid my pray'r,
Another image I diſcover'd there;
A tender maid, ſaid Philomel, does claim
That ſacred ſhrine, and Pity is her name:
In all the court none knows ſo well the art
To help a lover, or to ſave a heart;
Her all-commanding int'reſt cannot fail;
Gain but her friendſhip, and you muſt prevail.
Now you ſhall ſee the faireſt thing alive,
Come on with me, and by your carriage ſtrive
To pleaſe a lady of the niceſt taſte,
Whoſe air is prudent, as her life is chaſte,
Call'd Roſalinda; could you gain her grace,
Well might you bleſs the goddeſs of this place:
Take care your ſenſe and modeſty to ſhow,
She hates a pert, inſipid, prating beau.
Then ſtraight ſhe led me to a ſpacious room,
Where Roſalinda ſat in beauty's bloom.
At the firſt ſight a ſhiv'ring pain I found
In all my veins, my heart receiv'd a wound;
I dreaded much to ſpeak, my voice was broke,
Yet when my ſighs permitted, thus I ſpoke;
Accept my ſervice, thou celeſtial fair,
And oh! relieve a dying lover's care;

To your commands my painful heart I bind,
And have for ever liberty resign'd.
She made no answer, and I soon retir'd,
To press not daring, though by love inspir'd;
But still her image dwelt within my breast,
Too excellent to be in verse express'd.
Her head is round, and flaxen is her hair,
Her eye-brows darker, but her forehead fair:
Straight is her nose; her eyes like em'ralds bright;
Her well-made cheeks are lovely red and white;
Short is her mouth, her lips are made to kiss,
Rosy and full, and prodigal of bliss;
Her teeth like iv'ry are, well-siz'd and even:
And to her breath etherial sweets are given:
Her hands are snowy white, and small her waist,
And what is yet untold is sure the best.
Had Jove himself beheld this heav'nly fair,
Calisto never had been made a star;
He ne'er had born Europa on his back,
Nor turn'd a mortal for Alcmena's sake;
Nor try'd the virtue of a golden shower,
To enter Danae's well defended tower:
For all their beauties had too mean appear'd,
With Rosalinda's matchless charms compar'd.
Soon I return'd her heav'nly form to view,
For still my wound's impression deeper grew;
And thus I spoke. O nature's boasted pride,
For torments caus'd by you, some cure provide:
Prais'd be my fate, and ever bless'd the hour
That made me subject to your lawful pow'r:
Not Antony could greater passion boast,
Though for one woman the whole world he lost.

She anſwer'd, Friend, your ſervice I diſclaim;
Who are you, pray? Whence come you? What's your [name?
Men call me Celadon, in verſe I write,
And ſongs at home, with ſome applauſe, indite:
Oh why is ev'ry flow'r and pleaſing root,
That in the muſes happy garden ſhoot,
Deny'd me now? And why muſt I deſpair,
With ſweets of verſe to charm the brighteſt fair;
Thou, gentle muſe my humble breaſt inſpire
With ſacred numbers, and celeſtial fire?
And Pallas, thy propitious light convey,
To chaſe the miſt of ignorance away——
Peace, rhiming fool, and learn henceforth to make
A fitter choice; your woman you miſtake.
O mercy, Venus! mercy from above!
Why would you curſe me with ſuch hopeleſs love?
Behold the moſt abandon'd ſoul on earth;
Ill was I got, and woeful was my birth;
Unleſs ſome pity on my pains you ſhed,
The froſty grave will quickly be my bed.
Thus having ſpoke, my voice began to fail,
My colour ſunk, and turn'd like aſhes pale;
I ſwoon'd, and down I fell. Thou ſlave ariſe,
Cry'd Roſalinda; now thy love I prize.
I only try'd thy heart; and ſince I find
'Tis ſoft and tender, know that mine is kind:
Swear but to keep the oath you lately took,
And I'll be not ſo cruel as I look.
Her eyes then languiſh'd, and her face grew red,
And ſqueezing faſt my hand, ſhe laughing ſaid,
I know a way thy paſſion to appeaſe,
And ſoon will ſet thy ſimple heart at eaſe.
But ere ſhe brought me to her promis'd bed,
The rapture wak'd me, and the viſion fled.

THE HISTORY OF LOVE, A POEM; IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

By Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

Est quoque carminibus meritas celebrare puellas
Dos mea,—— Ovid.

——Utinam modo dicere possem
Carmina digna Dea, certe est Dea carmine digna. Ibid.

Printed in the Year 1777.

THE HISTORY OF LOVE.

A

POEM,

IN

A LETTER TO A LADY.

By Mr CHARLES HOPKINS.

Printed in the Year 1777.

To her GRACE the

DUCHESS

OF

GRAFTON.

MADAM,

BEAUTY, as it is both the theme and inſpirer of poetry, ſo it ought to be the patroneſs too; and a poem of love ſhould in juſtice be ſacred to none but the loveliest: It would therefore be adoring a falſe deity, ſhould I offer up this at any ſhrine but yours.

As it is the beſt I can do, and writ on the moſt pleaſing ſubject, I was reſolved to lay it at the feet of the moſt beautiful; and had I been myſelf at a loſs where to fix, the univerſal opinion of the world would have directed me, and pointed out your Grace for the patroneſs; while the poem ſhall laſt, (and a poem of love ought to laſt longer than any other) ſucceeding ages ſhall read, that your Grace was the ornament of this age.

'Tis an innocent and harmleſs ambition in poets, whoſe only deſign, in all they do, is the pleaſing others, and in doing that, pleaſe themſelves beſt; and as Beauty is the chief object they bend their ſtudies to delight,

light, all poets ought to aſpire to pleaſe your Grace in particular.

That ambition is the beſt excuſe I can make for my preſumption in this dedication, ſince I am unknown to your Grace, and perhaps even unheard of yet; but what is my crime, is at the ſame time my plea for pardon; or rather it is my merit. The Athenians, when they dedicated an altar to the unknown god, ſhewed more devotion, and directed their devotion to a truer deity, than when they adored the many they knew.

That I might be ſure of ſomething acceptable in this offering, and not fail to delight in a poem of love, where all ought to be delightful, I have taken all the moſt moving tender things, that Ovid and Tibullus ſaid to their miſtreſſes, to ſay to mine; nor will I allow it to be a theft, ſince I doubt not, as it was their love that inſpir'd them with thoſe thoughts, mine would have infus'd the ſame into me; and no man that thinks naturally of love, can avoid running into the ſame thoughts with them.

I have borrowed the examples to every paſſion, from thoſe ſtories which I thought the moſt pleaſing in Ovid, where certainly the moſt pleaſing were to be met with: ſome few places in every ſtory I have tranſlated, but for the moſt part have only kept him in view; I have gone on with him, and left him, where I thought it proper, and by that means have avoided the abſurdities of his Metamorphoſes; ſave only that of Pygmalion's ſtatue, but that was a Metamorphoſes that pleaſed me.

It was a delightful ſurprize, to ſee life breath'd into an inanimated beauty, as it would be a killing affliction to ſee it taken from one already animated: It would occaſion as much joy and wonder, to have a Ducheſs of *GRAFTON* made by art, (if art could do it) as it would cauſe conſternation to have the gods unmake one. But thoſe miracles of art now are ceaſed; and none but the heavenly artiſt could have drawn you, who has

has drawn you ſo, that he has left the painter and the poet at a loſs to copy you.

As to the ſucceſs of this POEM, I hope I am ſecure, ſince it is ſacred in general to the fair ſex, and committed in particular to the protection of the faireſt; if they are once pleaſed, who will dare to find fault? or diſoblige them, by diſliking what they approve? Under the ſhelter of your Grace's patronage, I ſhall ſtand, like Æneas, guarded by the goddeſs of love, and no Diomedes ſhall be found, as deſperate as the firſt, to wound me through you. Thus, as all dedicating poets, who write more to raiſe their own reputation than their patrons, I have taken the moſt effectual means to eſtabliſh mine; and doubt not to make a ſtrong party, ſince every lover will defend what is ſacred to the lovely.

Your GRACE's

Moſt Devoted,

Moſt Humble Servant,

Charles Hopkins.

H

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THE HISTORY OF LOVE.

YE woods and wilds, ſerene and bleſt retreats,
At once the lovers, and the muſes ſeats;
To you I fly, to you, ye ſacred groves,
To tell my wond'rous tale of wond'rous loves.
Thee, Delia, thee ſhall ev'ry ſhepherd ſing,
With thy dear name the neighb'ring woods ſhall ring.
No name but thine ſhall on their barks be found,
With none but thine ſhall echoing hills reſound.
My verſe thy matchleſs beauties ſhall proclaim,
'Till thine out-rivals Sacharissa's fame.
My verſe ſhall make thee live, while woods ſhall grow,
While ſtars ſhall ſhine, and while the ſeas ſhall flow;
While there remains alive a tender maid,
Or am'rous youth, or love-ſick ſwain to read.
Others may artfully the paſſions move,
In me alone 'tis natural to love:

While the world ſees me write in ſuch a ſtrain,
As ſhews I only feel what others feign.
Thou darling of my youth, my life's delight,
By day my viſion, and my dream by night;
Thou, who alone doſt all my thoughts infuſe,
And art at once my miſtreſs and my muſe:
Inſpir'd from thee, flows ev'ry ſacred line,
Thine is the poetry, the poet thine.
Thy ſervice ſhall my only bus'neſs be,
And all my life employ'd in pleaſing thee.
Crown'd with my ſongs of thee, each day ſhall move,
And ev'ry liſt'ning ſun hear nought but love.
With flowing numbers ev'ry page ſhall roll,
Where, as you read my verſe, receive my ſoul.
Should ſenſe and wit, and art, refuſe to join
In all I write, and fail my great deſign:
Yet with ſuch paſſion ſhall my lines be crown'd,
And ſo much ſoftneſs in my poem found,
Such moving tenderneſs; the world ſhall ſee,
Love could have been deſcrib'd by none but me.
Let Dryden from his works, with juſtice, claim
Immortal praiſe! I from my ſacred flame,
Draw all my glory, challenge all my fame.

Believe me, Delia, lovers have their wars,
And Cupid has his camp, as well as Mars.
That age which ſuits a ſoldier beſt, will prove
The fitteſt for the ſharp fatigues of love.
None but young men the toils of war can bear,
None but young men can ſerve and pleaſe the fair.
Youth with the foe maintains the vig'rous fight,
Youth gives the longing maid the full delight.
On either hand, like hardſhip it ſuſtains,
Great are the ſoldier's great the lover's pains.

Th'

Th' event of war no gen'ral can foreknow,
And that, alas! of love is doubtful too.
In various fields, whatever chance shall fall,
The soldier must resolve to bear it all.
With the like constancy must lovers wait,
Enduring bad, and hoping better fate.
Thro' doubts, and fears, desires and wishes tost,
Undaunted, they must strain to reach the coast.
All will awhile look hideous to their eye,
The threatning storm still thickning in the sky,
No sight of land, no friendly harbour nigh;
Yet through all this the vent'rous lover steers,
To reap the golden crop that beauty bears.
So the bold mariners the seas explore,
Tho' winds blow hard, and waves like thunder roar,
Rather than live in poverty on shore.
Embolden'd thus, let ev'ry youth set sail,
And trust to fortune for a prosp'rous gale:
Let them launch boldly from the lazy shore,
Nor fear a storm which will at last blow o'er.
Set all the reins to all their passions free,
Give wings to their desires; and love like me.
Happy that youth, who, when his stars incline
His soul to love, can make a choice like mine.

ADMIRATION.

Thee, Delia, all that see thee must admire,
And mankind in its own despite desire.
As a blind man, restor'd to sudden sight,
Starts in amaze at the first flash of light;

So was I ſtruck, ſuch ſudden wonder knew,
When my eyes dazzl'd with the ſight of you.
I ſaw whatever could inflame deſire,
Parch up the veins, and ſet the blood on fire.
From ev'ry charm the painted lightning came,
And faſt, as they diſpers'd, I caught the flame.
Like ſtars your glittering eyes were ſeen to ſhine,
And roll with motions that were all divine,
Where majeſty, and ſoftneſs, mingled meet,
And ſhew a ſoul, at once ſublime and ſweet.
I gaz'd, and as I gaz'd from ev'ry view
New wonders I deſcry'd, new paſſion drew.
Nor were the charms leſs pow'rful of your tongue,
My raviſh'd ſoul on ev'ry accent hung,
Glow'd when you ſpoke, and melted when you ſung.
Thoſe lips unopen'd, cannot fail to move,
But ſilently are eloquent in love;
That face and neck, thoſe ſhoulders, hands and arms,
Each limb, each feature, has peculiar charms.
Each of itſelf might ſingly win a ſoul,
And never need th' aſſiſtance of the whole;
On this one part a poet's praiſe might dwell,
Did not this other part deſerve as well.
Beauty is ſurely near ally'd to wit,
Of which none can the juſt deſcription hit;
By their own ſelves they may be ſhown the beſt,
And only are, in being ſeen, expreſt.
Beauty's true charms no poem can preſent,
Which but imperfectly are done in paint.
That too comes ſhort of life, and only takes
Faint images of thoſe which nature makes.

The

The HISTORY of

Perseus and *Andromeda*:

In Imitation of Part of that in the Fourth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses*.

PRopitious chance led Perseus once to view
The fairest piece that ever nature drew;
Chain'd on a rocky shore the virgin stood,
Naked, and whiter than the foaming flood;
Whom, as he cours'd the confines of the sky,
Amaz'd he saw, and kept his wond'ring eye
So fix'd, he had almost forgot to fly.
Had not the winds dispers'd her flowing hair,
And held it waving in the liquid air;
Or had not streams of tears apace roll'd down
Her lovely cheeks, he would have thought her stone.
Straight he precipitates his hasty flight,
Impatient to attain a nearer sight.
Now all, at once, he feels the raging fires,
Sees all the maid, and all he sees admires;
With awe and wonder, mixt with love and fear,
He stands as motionless as shame made her.
Urg'd on at last, but still by slow degrees,
Loth to offend, he draws to what he sees.
Oh! why, he cries, most matchless fair one, why
Are you thus us'd? Can you be doom'd to die?
Have you done any guilt? that guilt relate.
How can such beauty merit such a fate?

I am thy champion, and espouse thy cause;
In thy defence the thund'rer's offspring draws.
Say, if thou'rt rescu'd by the son of Jove,
Say, for thy life, wilt thou return my love?
The bashful virgin no return affords,
But sends ten thousand sighs instead of words:
With grief, redoubl'd with her shame, she mourns;
She weeps, he joys, she blushes, and he burns.
In chains extended at her length she lay,
While he with transport took a full survey.
Fain would her hands her conscious blushes hide,
But that the fetters, which they wore, deny'd.
What could she do? all that she could, she did:
For drown'd in floods of tears, her eyes she hid.
Much urg'd to speak, she turn'd her bashful look
Far as she could aside, and trembling spoke:
My mother, conscious of her beauty, strove
(Alas! too conscious) with the wife of Jove:
Who, by a cruel and unjust decree,
To punish her, takes this revenge on me.
Here I am doom'd a dreadful monster's prey,
Who now, now, now is issuing from the sea.
Haste, generous youth, our common foe subdue;
And if you save my life, I live for you.
Thus spoke the maid, half dying with her fears:
When, lo! the monster from the sea appears.
The dauntless hero mounts his flying horse,
And o'er the waves directs his airy course.
Let him, alone, his victory pursue;
For dreadful war has nothing here to do.
This short account will love-sick swains suffice;
He slew his foe, and straight receiv'd his prize.

Thrice

Thrice happy youth, too fortunately blest;
Who only came, and conquer'd, and possess'd.
None of the pangs of love your bliss annoy'd;
You but beheld, admir'd, and so enjoy'd.

DESIRE.

All other lovers longer toils sustain;
Desires, hopes, jealousies, an endless train.

The HISTORY of

PYGMALION:

Imitated from the tenth Book of

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

HOW thou art envy'd, let Pygmalion prove:
Who by a miracle obtain'd his love:
Who living in an age, when women led
The lewdest lives, all shame and honour fled,
For a long time declin'd the nuptial bed,
He saw them all debauch'd with monstrous crimes,
No virtuous maid, no Delia bless'd the times.
Had she liv'd then, his skill had ne'er been shown,
Nor the strange miracle, that crown'd it, known.
There had he fix'd, not form'd his fancy'd maid;
Nor fondly been by his own art betray'd.
The nymph in polish'd iv'ry glitter'd bright,
So smooth, she seem'd too slipp'ry for his sight.
So curious was her shape, so just her frame,
So quick her eyes appear'd, so full of flame,
They would have roll'd, if not restrain'd by shame.
From this strange art, the statue had receiv'd
Such lively strokes, one would have thought it liv'd.
Ev'n he himself could hardly, hardly know,
But doubted long, whether it liv'd or no.
Yet from her, as she was, he gather'd fires;
And fierce and boundless were his mad desires.

He

He felt her flesh, (his fancy thought it such)
And fear'd to hurt her with too rude a touch.
He kiss'd her with belief so strong and vain,
That he imagined how she kiss'd again.
Now makes his court, his mad addresses moves,
And tells a long fond tale, how well he loves.
Presents her now with all he thought might please,
With precious gums distill'd from weeping trees;
Small singing birds, who strain their tuneful throats,
And hov'ring round, repeat their pretty notes.
With sweetest flow'rs he crowns her lovely head,
And lays her on the softest, downy bed.
In richest robes his charming idol drest,
Bright sparkling gems adorn her neck and breast,
And she——look'd well in all, but look'd when naked, best.
Now Venus kept her feast; a goodly train
Of love-sick youths frequent, and fill her fane.
The snow-white heifers fall by sacred strokes,
While with rich gums the loaded altar smokes.
Among the rest, the hopeless lover stands,
Tears in his eyes, his off'rings in his hands;
More furious than before he feels his fires,
Ev'n his despair redoubles his desires.
A long, long time, his oraisons deferr'd,
He durst not pray, lest he should not be heard.
'Till urg'd by love, his tim'rous silence broke,
Thus (but still tim'rously) at last he spoke.
If you, ye sacred pow'rs that rule above,
And you, great goddess of propitious love;
If all we want is plac'd within your pow'r,
And you can give whatever we implore:

Exert

Exert your godhead now, now lend your aid,
Give me the wife I wish, one like, he said,
But durst not say, Give me the iv'ry maid.
This finish'd; thrice auspicious flashes rise,
And wreaths of curling smoke ascended thrice.
Half hoping now, and yet still half afraid,
With doubtful joy he seeks his iv'ry maid.
Doats more than ever on her fancy'd charms,
And closely clasps her in his longing arms.
When all at once with joy and wonder fill'd,
He feels her stubborn sides begin to yield.
Soft was her bosom grown, her throbbing breast,
Heav'd with her breath, swell'd gently to be prest.
Surpriz'd, and glad, he feels her oft and oft;
And more and more perceives her warm and soft.
Warm were her lips, and ev'ry pointed kiss,
With melting touches, met and moisten'd his.
Her blood now circled, and her pulses beat,
And life at last enjoy'd a settled seat.
Slowly she lifts her new and fearful sight,
And sees at once, her lover, and the light.
An unborn maid, both life and lover found;
And he too had his desp'rate wishes crown'd.
Desp'rate indeed; what prospect could he see,
Or how, at first, hope any more than me?

HOPE.

The

The STORY of

Hippomenes and *Atalanta:*

In Imitation of Part of that in the

Tenth Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses.*

HIppomenes alone with hope inſpir'd,
Might well rejoice to find his wiſhes fir'd,
Since well aſſur'd of all his wiſh deſir'd.
His paſſion was all life, all ſoul, and flame,
He dauntleſs to the fatal barriers came:
With joy his vanquiſh'd rivals he beheld,
Aſſur'd to win, where all beſides had fail'd.
He ſaw the lovely nymph outfly the wind,
And leave her breathleſs ſuitors far behind;
Saw Atalanta ſwift as lightning paſs,
Yet ſoft as Zephyrs, ſweep along the graſs.
He knew the law whoſe cruelty decreed,
That ev'ry youth who loſt the race ſhould bleed.
Yet if like them he could not run ſo faſt,
He ſaw her worth the dying for at laſt.
Her ev'ry charm his praiſe and wonder mov'd,
And ſtill the more he prais'd, the more he lov'd.
Now had he view'd the laſt unhappy ſtrife,
And ſeen the vanquiſh'd youth reſign his life;
When with his love tranſported, from his place,
Leſt any other firſt ſhould claim the race,
Riſing he runs, regardleſs of their fate,
And preſſes where the panting virgin ſat.

With

With eyes all sparkling with his hope and love,
And such a look, as could not fail to move;
Tell me, he cries, why, barb'rous beauty, why
Are you so pleas'd to see these wretches die?
Why have you with my feeble rivals strove,
Betray'd to death by their too daring love?
With me a less unequal race begin,
With me exert your utmost speed to win;
By my defeat you will your conquests crown,
And in my fall establish your renown:
Then undisturb'd you may your conquests boast,
For none will dare to strive, when I have lost.
Thus while the prince his bold defiance spoke,
She eyes him with a soft relenting look;
Already does his distant fate deplore,
Concern'd for him, tho' ne'er concern'd before.
Doubtful she stands, and knows not what to chuse,
And cannot wish to win, nor yet to lose.
But murmurs to herself: Ye pow'rs divine,
How hard, alas! a destiny is mine?
Why must I longer such a law obey,
And daily throw so many lives away?
Why must I by their deaths my nuptials shun?
Or else by marrying be myself undone?
Why must I still my cruelty pursue?
Why must a prince, so charming, perish too?
Such is his youth, his beauty, valour such,
Ev'n to myself I seem not worth so much.
Fly, lovely stranger, ere 'tis yet too late,
Fly, from thy too, ah! too, too certain fate.
I would not send thee hence, I would not give
Such a command, couldst thou but stay, and live.

Thou

Thou with ſome fairer maid wilt happier be:
The faireſt maid might be in love with thee.
So many ſuitors have already bled,
Who raſhly ventur'd for my nuptial bed,
I fear leſt thou ſhould'ſt run like them in vain,
Should'ſt loſe like them, and ah! like them be ſlain.
Yet why ſhould he alone my pity move?
It is but pity ſure; it is not love.
I wiſh, bold youth, thou would'ſt the race decline,
Or rather wiſh, thy ſpeed could equal mine.
Would thou hadſt never ſeen this fatal place,
Nor I, alas! thy too, too charming face.
Were I by rig'rous fate allow'd to wed,
Thou ſhould'ſt alone enjoy, and bleſs my bed.
Were it but left to my own partial choice,
Of all mankind thou ſhould'ſt obtain my voice.
'Twas here ſhe paus'd; when urg'd with long delay,
The trumpets ſound to haſten them away.
Straight at the ſummons is the race begun,
And ſide by ſide, for ſome ſhort time they run.
While the ſpectators from the barriers cry,
Fly, proſp'rous youth, with all thy vigour fly:
Make haſte, make haſte, thy utmoſt ſpeed enforce,
Love give thee wings to win the noble courſe.
See how unwillingly the virgin flies,
Purſue, and ſave thy life, and ſeize the prize.
'Tis doubtful yet, whether the gen'ral voice
Made the glad youth, or virgin moſt rejoice.
Oft, in the ſwifteſt fury of the race,
The nymph would ſlacken her impetuous pace,
And halt, and gaze, and almoſt faſten on his face.
Then fleet away again, as ſwift as wind,
Not without ſighs to leave him ſo behind.

By this he saw his strength would ne'er prevail,
But still he had a charm that could not fail.
From his loose robe a golden apple drawn,
With force he hurl'd along the flow'ry lawn;
Straight at the sight the virgin could not hold,
But starts aside to catch the shining gold.
He takes the wish'd occasion, passes by,
While all the field resounded shouts of joy.
This she recovers with redoubled haste,
'Till he far off the second apple cast.
Again the nymph diverts her near pursuit,
And running back secures the tempting fruit;
But her strange speed recovers her again,
Again the foremost in the flow'ry plain.
Now near the goal, he summons all his might,
And prays to Venus to direct him right,
With his last apple to retard her flight.
Tho' sure to lose if she the race declin'd,
For such a bribe the vict'ry she resign'd.
Pleas'd that she lost, to the glad victor's arms
She gives the prize, and yields her dear-bought charms.
He by resistless gold the conquest gain'd,
In vain he ran, 'till that the race obtain'd.
Possess'd of that, he could not but subdue,
For gold, alas! would conquer Delia too.
Yet oh! thou best belov'd, thou loveliest maid,
Be not by too much avarice betray'd.
Prize thyself high, no easy purchase prove,
Nor let a fool with fortune buy thy love.
Like Atalanta's conqu'ror let him be,
Brave, gen'rous, young, from ev'ry failing free,
And to complete him, let him love like me.

What

What pains against my wretched self I take!
Ev'n I myself my jealousies awake.
Such men there are, bless'd with such gifts divine,
Who if they knew thee, would be surely thine.

JEALOUSY.

How wretched then, alas! should Daphnis grow?
Gods! how the very thought distracts me now?
Ev'n now perhaps some youth with happier charms,
Lies folded in the faithless Delia's arms.
Ev'n now the favours you design'd me seem
To be too prodigally heap'd on him.
Close by your side all languishing he stands,
And on your panting bosom warms his hands.
Straight in your lap he lays his envy'd head,
And makes the shrine of love his sacred bed.
Then glows his ravish'd soul with pointed flames,
And thoughts of heav'nly joys fill all his dreams.
Let not your passion be to me reveal'd,
But if you love, keep him you love conceal'd.

The STORY of

CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS,

Imitated from the Tenth Book of

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

FROM Cephalus's tragic ſtory, read
What fatal miſchiefs jealouſy may breed.
Hear that unhappy wretched huntſman tell,
How by his hands his much-lov'd Procris fell.
Hear him, lamenting his miſchance, complain
In the ſoft Ovid's ſadly charming ſtrain:
Happy a while, thrice happy was my life,
Bleſt in a beautiful and virtuous wife.
Love join'd us firſt, and love made life ſo ſweet,
We prais'd the gods, that 'twas our lot to meet.
Our breaſts glow'd gently with a mutual flame,
The ſame were our deſires, our fears the ſame.
Whate'er one did, the other would approve,
For one our liking was, as one our love.
Then happy days were crown'd with happier nights,
And ſome few months roll'd on in full delights.
Joys crouded to appear, and pleaſures ran
A while in circles, ere our woes began.
'Till I one fatal morn the chace purſu'd
Of a wild boar, thro' an adjacent wood;
Where as I hunted, eager on my prey,
Aurora ſtopp'd me in my haſty way.

You

You may believe I do not, dare not feign,
(For mis'ry never made a man so vain)
She, tho' a goddess, straight began to move
A fruitless suit, and vainly talk'd of love.
Tho' she look'd bright as when she shines on high,
In all the glories of a morning sky;
Tho' earlier than the sun's, her beams display,
And shew the first approaches of the day:
I told her Procris all my soul possest;
That she alone reign'd sov'reign of my breast,
Which never would admit another guest.
Enjoy thy Procris then, the goddess cry'd;
Whom thou shalt one day wish thou'dst ne'er enjoy'd.
Stung with her words, with doubts and fears oppreſt,
A sudden jealousy destroys my rest,
Mads all my brain, and poisons all my breast.
I thought the sex all false, e'en Procris too,
Again I thought, she could not but be true.
Her youth and beauty kindled anxious cares,
But her known chastity condemn'd my fears.
But then my absence does again revive,
And keep the tort'ring fancy still alive.
I thought her faith too firmly fix'd to fall,
Yet a true lover is afraid of all.
I know not what to think, but straight I go,
Resolv'd to cure, or to complete my woe.
An habit diff'rent from my own I took,
While with curst aid Aurora chang'd my look.
To Athens straight, unknown by all, I came,
Ev'n to myself I scarce could seem the same.
Hardly I got admission to my house,
But, far, far harder, to my weeping spouse.

The house itself from ought of blame was free,
And ev'ry place expreſt its grief for me.
A diſmal ſilence reign'd thro' ev'ry room,
To mourn my loſs, already ſafe at home.
E'en that ſad pomp of woe ſome charms could boaſt,
But when my Procris came, ſhe charm'd me moſt.
Black were her robes, her ſolemn pace was ſlow,
Her dreſs was careleſs, yet becoming too.
A virtuous grief dwelt deeply in her face,
But matchleſs beauty gave that grief a grace.
Whole ſhow'rs of tears her ſtreaming eyes let fall,
Yet ſomething wond'rous lovely ſhone through all.
Scarce could I at the charming ſight forbear
From running to embrace my mournful fair,
Scarce hold, from telling whom ſhe ſaw (tho' alter'd) there.
But yet at length, my firſt deſign purſu'd,
With words I flatter'd, and with gifts I woo'd;
All the moſt moving arguments I us'd,
Oft pray'd, and preſs'd, but was as oft refus'd.
She ſaid, another had before engroſs'd
All her affection, and my ſuit was loſt.
Would any but a madman further try?
But ah! that mad, that deſp'rate fool was I.
I grew the more induſtrious to deſtroy
Her matchleſs truth, and ruin all my joy.
Redoubl'd preſents, and redoubl'd vows,
I made, and offer'd, to betray my ſpouſe.
At laſt, her ſtagg'ring faith began to yield,
And I'ad juſt won the long diſputed field.
Thy falſehood, ſtraight I cry'd, too late I ſee;
Falſe to thy Cephalus, for I am he;

Since

Since you are perjur'd, since my Procris grew
Forsworn and false, what woman can be true?
She, at these words, almost of sense bereav'd,
With sad confusion found herself deceiv'd.
Fixt on the ground she kept her down-cast eye,
And silent with her shame, made no reply;
But to the mountains like a huntress hies,
And for my sake from all mankind she flies.
Which when I found, abandon'd and alone,
My dearer half thro' my own folly gone;
Love fiercer than before began to burn,
'Till I was raging for my wife's return.
My pray'rs dispatch'd with eagerness and haste,
That she would pardon all offences past,
Found her as kind, as she was truly chaste.
She came and crown'd my joys a second time;
Forgot my jealousy, forgave my crime.
'Twas then I thought my greatest miseries o'er,
But fate it seems had worse, far worse in store.
Soon as each early sun began to rise,
To glad th' enlighten'd earth, and gild the skies,
I with his first appearance rise, and trace
The woods, and hills, that yielded game to chase.
Alone I hunt, a long and tedious way,
And seldom fail to kill sufficient prey.
Then spent with toil, to cooler shades retreat,
And seek a refuge from the scorching heat.
Where pleasant valleys breathe a freer air,
For my refreshment I address this pray'r:
Come air, I cry, joy of o'er-labour'd swains,
Come, and diffuse thyself thro' all my veins:
Breathe on my burning lips, and fev'rish breast,
And reign at large an ever-grateful guest;

Glide

Glide to my soul, and ev'ry vital part,
Distil thyself upon my panting heart.
By chance I other blandishments bestow,
Or destiny decreed it should be so.
As, O thou greatest pleasure of the plains,
Thou who assuagest all my raging pains;
Thou, who dost nature's richest sweets excite,
And mak'st me in these desart woods delight:
Breathless and dead without thee should I be,
For all the life I have I draw from thee.
While this I sung, some one who chanc'd to hear,
Thought her a nymph, to whom I made my pray'r,
And told my Procris of her rival, Air.
She, kind, good soul, half-dying at the news,
Would now condemn me, now again excuse.
Now hopes 'tis all a falsehood, now she fears;
Suspects my faith as I suspected hers.
Resolv'd, at last, to trust no busy tongue,
But be herself the witness of her wrong;
When the next day with fatal haste came on,
And I was to my lov'd diversion gone,
She rose, and sought the solitary shade,
Where, after hunting, I was daily laid;
Close in a thicket undiscern'd she stood,
When I took shelter in the shady wood.
Then stretching on the grass my fainting weight,
Come, much-lov'd air, I cry, oh! come, abate
With thy sweet breath this most immod'rate heat.
At this a sudden noise invades my ear,
And rustling boughs shew'd something living there.
I rashly thinking it some savage beast,
Threw my unerring dart with heedless haste,
Which pierc'd, O gods! my Procris thro' the breast.

She

She at the wound, with fearful ſhriekings fell,
And I, alas! knew the dear voice too well.
Thither, diſtracted with my grief, I flew,
To give my dying love a ſad adieu.
All bloody was her lately ſnowy breaſt,
Her ſoul was haſt'ning to eternal reſt.
With rage I tore my robe, which cloſe I bound,
To ſtop the blood, about the gaping wound.
What pardons did I beg? what curſes frame,
For my damn'd fate, that was alone in blame?
When weakly raiſing up her dying head,
With a faint voice, theſe few ſad words ſhe ſaid.
" Draw nearer yet, dear author of my death,
" Hear my laſt ſighs, and ſnatch my parting breath.
" But ere I die, by all that's ſacred ſwear,
" That you will never let my rival, air,
" Prophane my bed, or find reception there.
" This I conjure you by your nuptial vow;
" The faith you gave me then, renew me now.
" By all your love, if any love remain,
" And by that love, which dying I retain,
" Aſſure me but of this before I go,
" And I ſhall bleſs thee for the fatal blow."
To her ſad ſpeech abruptly I reply'd,
In haſte to ſhew her error ere ſhe dy'd.
Quickly I ran the tragic ſtory o'er,
Which made her pleas'd, amid'ſt the pangs ſhe bore.
This done, ſhe rolls in death her dizzy eyes,
And with a ſigh, which I receiv'd, ſhe dies.
Here did the youth his doleful tale conclude,
A tale too doleful to be long purſu'd.
But this ill-choſen inſtance will not do,
Unleſs my Delia could be jealous too.

But

But ſhe, whene'er I woo ſome other fair,
Shews no reſentment, and betrays no care.
She ſees me court another, as unmov'd,
As ſhe has always ſeen herſelf belov'd.
That dreadful thought redoubles all my fear,
That drowns my hopes, and drives me to deſpair.

DESPAIR.

No foreign inſtance need of this be ſhown,
To draw it beſt, I muſt deſcribe my own.
Tho' of this kind all ages can produce
Examples proper for the mourning muſe;
Yet all to me muſt the firſt place reſign,
None ever was ſo juſt, ſo deep as mine.
All day and night I ſing, and all day long,
I love, and *I deſpair*, makes all my ſong.
Revolving days the ſame ſad muſic hear,
Unchang'd thoſe notes, *I love*, and *I deſpair*.
To me, as to the echo, fate affords
No pow'r of ſpeech but for thoſe doleful words.
Some glimpſe of ſun, ſome cheerful beams appear,
E'en thro' the gloomieſt ſeaſon of the year.
My clouded life admits no dawn of light,
No ray can pierce thro' my eternal night.
All there is diſmal as the ſhades beneath,
And all is dark as hell, and ſad as death.
My anxious hours roll heavily away,
Depriv'd of ſleep by night, and peace by day.
My ſoul no reſpite from her ſuff'rings knows,
And ſees no end of her eternal woes.

In

In a long line they run for ever on,
And ſtill increaſe, and lengthen as they run.
By flight to loſe my ills in vain I try,
From my deſpairing ſelf I cannot fly.
Where-e'er I go, I bear about my flame,
In cities, countries, ſeas, 'tis ſtill the ſame.
Scorch'd with my burning pains I ſhun my houſe,
And ſtrive in open air to ſeek repoſe.
My flames, like torches ſhook in open air,
Grow, with dilated heat, more furious there.
Now to the moſt retir'd, remoteſt place,
E'en to obſcurity I fly for eaſe.
Retirement ſtill foments the raging fire,
And trees, and fields and floods, and verſe conſpire
To ſpread the flame, and heighten the deſire.
Wildly I range the woods, and trace the groves,
To every oak I tell my hopeleſ loves.
Torn by my paſſion, to the earth I fall,
I kneel to all the gods, I pray to all.
Nothing but echo anſwers to my pray'r,
And ſhe ſpeaks nothing but Deſpair, Deſpair.
From woods and wilds I no relief receive,
But wander on, to try what ſeas can give.
Deep thro' the tide, not knowing where I walk;
To the deaf winds, not knowing what I talk.
Mad as the foaming main, aloud I rave,
While ev'ry tear keeps time with ev'ry wave.

The STORY of

ORPHEUS *and* EURIDICE.

Imitated from the

Tenth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses.*

SO in old times the mournful Orpheus ſtood,
Drowning his ſorrows in the Stygian flood.
Whoſe lamentable ſtory ſeems to be
The neareſt inſtance of a wretch like me.
Already had he paſt the courts of death,
And charm'd with ſacred verſe the pow'rs beneath;
While hell, with ſilent admiration, hung
On the ſoft muſic of his harp and tongue,
And the black roofs reſtor'd the wond'rous ſong.
No longer Tantalus eſſay'd to ſip
The ſprings that fled from his deluded lip.
Their urn the fifty maids no longer fill;
Ixion lean'd, and liſten'd on his wheel:
And Siſyphus's ſtone for once ſtood ſtill.
The rav'nous Vultur had forſook his meal,
And Tityus felt his growing liver heal.
Relenting fiends to torture ſouls forbore,
And furies wept, who never wept before.
All hell in harmony was heard to move
With equal ſweetneſs as the ſpheres above.
Nor longer was his charming pray'r deny'd,
All hell conſented to releaſe his bride.

Yet

Yet could the youth but ſhort poſſeſſion boaſt,
For what his poem gain'd, his paſſion loſt:
Ere they reſtor'd her back to him, and life,
They made him on theſe terms receive his wife.
If 'till he quite had paſs'd the ſhades of night,
And reach'd the confines of ætherial light,
He turn'd to view his prize; his wretched prize
Again was doom'd to vaniſh from his eyes.
Long had he wander'd on, and long forborn
To look, but was at laſt compell'd to turn.
And now arriv'd where the ſun's piercing ray
Struck thro' the gloom, and made a doubtful day,
Backwards his eyes th' impatient lover caſt
For one dear look, and that one look his laſt.
Straight from his ſight flies his unhappy wife,
Who now liv'd twice, and twice was robb'd of life.
In vain to catch the fleeting ſhade he ſought,
She too in vain bent backwards to be caught.
Gods! what tumultuous raging paſſions toſt
His anxious heart, when he perceiv'd her loſt!
How wildly did his dreadful eye-balls roll;
How did all hell at once oppreſs his ſoul!
To what ſad height was his diſtraction grown!
How deep his juſt deſpair! how near my own!
In vain with her he labour'd to return,
All he could do was to ſit down and mourn.
In vain (but ne'er before in vain) he ſings
At once the ſaddeſt and the ſweeteſt things.
Stay, dear Eurydice, he cries, ah! ſtay;
Why fleets the lovely ſhade ſo faſt away?
Why am not I permitted to purſue?
Why will not rig'rous hell receive me too?

Already has she reach'd the farther shore,
And I, alas! allow'd to pass no more;
Imprison'd closer in the dismal coast,
She's now for ever, ever, ever lost.
No charms a second time can set her free,
Hell has her now again; would hell had me.
From all his pains let Tityus be releas'd,
And in his stead unhappier Orpheus plac'd.
He feels no torture I'll refuse to bear,
Her loss is worse than all he suffers there.
Is this your bounty then? Ye pow'rs below!
And these the short-liv'd blessings you bestow!
Why did you such a cruel cov'nant make?
Which you but too well knew I needs must break.
Ah! by this artifice, too late I find
Your envious nature never was inclin'd
To be entirely good, or throughly kind.
Had you persisted to refuse the grant,
I should not then have known the double want.
This was contriv'd by some malicious pow'r,
To swell my woes, and make my mis'ries more.
Plung'd in despair far deeper than at first,
And blest a short, short while, to be for ever curst.
Ah! yet again relent, again restore
My wretched bride, be bounteous as before.
Ah! let the force of verse as pow'rful be
O'er you, as was the force of love o'er me:
And the dear forfeit once again resign,
Which but for too much love had still been mine.
By that immense and awful sway you bear,
That silent horror that inhabits here;
By these vast realms, and that unquestion'd right,
By which you rule this everlasting night;

By

By these my tears and pray'rs, which once could move,
Once more I beg you to release my love.
Let her a little while with me remain,
A little while, and she is yours again.
The date of mortal life is finish'd soon,
Swift is the race, and short the time to run.
Inevitable fate your night secures,
And she, and I, and all, at last are yours.
So sung the charming youth, in such a strain;
But sung and charm'd the second time in vain.
No longer could he move the pow'rs below,
Lost were his numbers then, as mine are now.
Torn with despair, he leaves the Stygian lakes;
And back to light a lothsome journey takes.
No light could chear him in his cruel woes,
Who bears about his grief where-e'er he goes.
In sacred verse his sad complaints he vents,
And all the day, and all the night laments.
Incessantly he sings, whose moving song
Draws trees, and stones, and list'ning herds along.
The Sylvan gods and wood-nymphs stood around,
And melting maids were ravish'd at the sound.
All heard the wondrous notes, and all that heard,
With utmost art address'd the mournful bard.
Not all their charms his constancy could move,
Who fled the thoughts of any second love.
When mad to see him slight their raging fire,
To mortal hate converting fierce desire,
With their own hands they made the youth expire.
Such proofs, my Delia, would I gladly give;
For thee I'd die, without thee will not live:
I've felt already the severest smart
Death can inflict, for it was death to part.

The PARTING.

What souls about to leave their bodies bear,
Forc'd to forsake their long-lov'd mansions there;
The dying anguish, the convulsive pain,
And all the racking tortures they sustain;
And most of all, the doubt, the dreadful fear,
When thrust out thence, to go they know not where;
My soul such pangs, such sad distractions knew,
Forc'd by despairing love to part with you.
Fix'd on that face where I could ever dwell,
Charm'd into silence by some magic spell,
I sigh'd and shook, and could not say, farewell.
Down my sad cheeks did tears in torrents roll,
And deaths cold damp sat heavy on my soul.
My trembling eyes swam in a native flood,
As fast as they wept tears, my heart wept blood.
All signs of desp'rate grief possess'd the face,
My sinking feet seem'd rooted to their place,
And scarce could bear me to the last embrace.
God's! where was then my soul? that parting kiss
Was both the last, and dearest taste of bliss.
Ah! since that fatal time, I could not boast
Of love, or life, or soul; all, all is lost.
When the last moment that I had to stay,
Call'd me, like one condemn'd to death, away,
With staggering steps I did my path pursue,
Yet oft I turn'd to take another view,
Oft gaz'd, and sigh'd, and murmur'd out Adieu.

THE

THE PARTING OF *Achilles* and *Deidamia*.

Achilles had a long time lain, disguis'd like a woman, in the court of Nicomedes king of Bithynia, making use of that habit, the better to carry on his amours with Deidamia, Nicomedes's daughter; but he was at last discovered by the subtilty of Ulysses, who putting a sword into his hands, which he wielded too dexterously for a woman, so betray'd him, and carried him to the Trojan war, the Greeks having been warn'd by the oracle, that Troy should never be taken, unless Achilles assisted at the siege.

THUS young Achilles, in Bithynia's court,
Had made a private, and a long resort:
Dress'd like a maid, the better to improve,
With this fair princess, undiscover'd love.
Where hours and days he might secure receive
The mighty bliss that mutual love can give.
Where in full joys the youthful pair remain'd,
And nought, a while, but laughing pleasures reign'd,
'Till at the last, the gods were envious grown,
To see the bliss of man surpass their own.
All Greece was now with Helen's rape alarm'd,
And all its princes to revenge her arm'd.

When spiteful pow'rs foretold them, their descent
Would be in vain, unless Achilles went.
In vain they might the Phrygian coasts invade,
Scale Troy in vain, no onset could be made,
That should succeed, without that hero's aid.
And now, Ulysses, by a crafty slight,
Had found him out in his disguise's spite.
Who, tho' betray'd by his unhappy fate,
Had too much sense of honour to retreat,
Which when his charming Deidamia knew,
She to her late discover'd lover flew.
On his dear neck her snowy arms she hung,
And streaming tears a while restrain'd her tongue.
But at the last her dismal silence broke,
These mournful words the weeping princess spoke.
Whither, ah! whither would Achilles flee?
From all he's dearest to, from love, and me?
Are not my charms the same? the same their pow'r?
Have I lost mine? or has Bellona more?
Oh! let me not so poorly be forsook,
But view me, view me, with your usual look.
Would you, unkind, from these embraces break?
Is glory grown so strong? or I so weak?
Glory is not your only call, I fear;
You go to meet some other mistress there.
Go then, ungrateful, tho' from me you fly,
You'll never meet with one so fond as I:
But some camp mistress, lavish of her charms,
Devoted to a thousand rival arms.
Then will you think, when she is common grown,
On Deidamia, who was all your own.
Thus will I clasp thee to my panting breast,
And thus detain thee to my bosom press'd.

And

And while I fold thee thus, and thus dispense
These kisses, to restore thy wand'ring sense,
What dismal sound of war shall snatch thee hence?
What tho' the gods have order'd you shall go,
Or Greece return inglorious from her foe?
Have not the self-same cruel gods decreed,
That if you went, you should as surely bleed?
Then since your fate is destin'd to be such,
Ah! think, can any Troy be worth so much?
Let Greece, whate'er she please, for vengeance give,
Secure at home shall my Achilles live.
Troy, built by heav'nly hands, may stand, or fall;
You never shall obey the fatal call.
Your Deidamia swears you shall not go,
Life would be dear to you, if she were so.
If not your own, at least my safety prize,
For with Achilles Deidamia dies.

All this, and more, the lovely mournful maid
Told the sad youth, who sigh'd at all she said.
Yet would he not his resolution break,
Where all his fame and honour lay at stake.
Nor would he think on arms; but when he gave
A side-long glance on her he was to leave,
Then his tumultuous thoughts began to jar,
And love and glory held a doubtful war.
'Till with a deep-drawn sigh, and mighty course
Of tears, which nothing else but love could force,
To the dear maid he turns his wat'ry eyes,
And to her sad discourse, as sad replies.

Thou late best blessing of my joyful heart,
Now grown my grief, since I must now depart,
Behold the pangs I bear; look up and see
How much I grieve to go; and comfort me.

Curse

Curse on that cunning traitor's smooth deceit,
Whose craft has made me, to my ruin, great.
Curse on that artifice by which I fell,
Curse on these hands for wielding swords so well.
Tho' I should ne'er so fit for battle prove,
All my ambition's to be fit for love.
In his soft wars I would my life beguile,
With thee contend in the transporting toil,
Ravish'd to read my triumph in thy smile.
Boldly I'd strive, yet e'en when conqu'ring yield
To thee the glory of the bloodless field.
With liquid fires melt thy rich beauties down;
Rifle thy wealth, yet give thee all my own.
So should our wars be rapture and delight;
But now I'm summon'd to another fight.
'Tis not my fault, that I am forc'd away;
But when my honour calls, I must obey.
Durst I not death and ev'ry danger brave,
I were not worthy of the bliss I have.
More hazards than another would I meet,
Only to lay more laurels at your feet.
Oh! do not fear that I should faithless prove,
For you, my only life, have all my love.
The thought of you shall help me to subdue,
I'll conquer faster, to return to you.
But if my honours should be laid in dust,
And I must fall, as heav'n has said I must;
Ev'n in my death, my only grief will be,
That I for ever shall be snatch'd from thee.
That, that alone, occasions all my fears,
Shakes my resolves, and melts me into tears.
My beating heart pants to thee, as I speak,
And wishes, rather than depart, to break.

Feel

Feel how it trembles with a panic fright:
Sure it will never fail me thus in fight.
I cannot longer hold this fond discourse,
For now the trumpets sound our sad divorce.
Sound ev'ry trumpet there, beat ev'ry drum;
Use all your charms to make Achilles come.
Farewell———Alas! I have no time to tell
How wond'rous loth I part,——once more farewell.
Remember me, as I'll remember you,
Like me be constant, and like me be true:
Gods! I shall ne'er be gone; adieu, adieu, adieu.

ABSENCE.

Happy that am'rous youth, whose mistress hears
His swelling sighs, and sees his falling tears.
What savage maid her pity can deny
A breaking heart, and a still streaming eye?
Absent, alas! he spends them all in vain,
While the dear cause is ign'rant of his pain.
Yet wretched as he is, he might be blest,
Would he himself contribute to his rest.
Would he resolve to struggle thro' the net,
And, but a while, endeavour to forget.
But his mad thoughts run ev'ry passage o'er,
And anxious mem'ry makes his passion more;
Perplexing mem'ry, that renews the scene
Of his past cares, and keeps him still in pain;
Keeps a poor wretch perpetually oppress'd,
And never lets unhappy lovers rest;
Lets them no pangs, no cruel suff'rings lose,
But heaps their past upon their present woes.

Such

Such was Leander's memory when remov'd,
And sunder'd by the seas, from all he lov'd.
The gather'd winds had wrought the tempest high,
Toss'd up the ocean, and obscur'd the sky;
And at this time, with an impetuous sway,
Pour'd forth their forces, and possess'd the sea.
When the bold youth stood raging on the beach,
To view the much-lov'd coast he could not reach,
His restless eyes ran all the distance o'er,
And from afar discern'd his Hero's tow'r.
Thrice, naked in the waves his skill he try'd,
And strove, as he was us'd, to stem the tide.
By tumbling billows threatned present wreck,
And rising up against him, dash'd him back.
Then like a gallant soldier, forc'd to go,
Full of brave wrath, from a prevailing foe;
Again to town he makes his sad resort,
To see what ships would loosen from the port.
Finding but one durst launch into the seas,
He writes a letter fill'd with words like these.

Leander's

Leander's EPISTLE TO *HERO:*

In Imitation

Of PART of that of *OVID.*

READ this; yet be not troubled when you read,
Your lover comes not in his letter's stead.
On you all health, all happiness attend,
Which I would much, much rather bring than send.
But now these envious storms obstruct my way,
And only this bold bark durst put to sea.
I too had come, had not my parents spies
Stood by to watch me with suspicious eyes.
How many tedious days and nights are past,
Since I was suffer'd to behold you last?
Ye spiteful gods and goddesses, who keep
Your wat'ry courts within the spacious deep,
Why, at this time, are all the winds broke forth?
Why swell the seas beneath the furious north?
'Tis summer now, when all should be serene;
The skies unclouded, undisturb'd the main:
Winter is yet unwilling to appear,
But you invert the seasons of the year.
Yet let me once attain the wish'd for beach,
Out of the now malicious Neptune's reach:

Then

Then blow, ye winds; ye troubled billows roar;
Roll on your angry waves, and lash the shore;
Ruffle the seas, drive the tempestuous air;
Be one continu'd storm, to keep me there.
Ah! Hero, when to you my course is bent,
I seem to slide along a smooth descent.
But in returning thence, I clamber up,
And scale, methinks, some lofty mountain's top.
Why, when our souls by mutual love are join'd,
Why are we sunder'd by the sea and wind?
Either make my Abydos your retreat,
Or let your Sestos be my much lov'd seat.
This plague of absence I can bear no more,
Come what can come, I'll shortly venture o'er.
Not all the rage of seas, nor force of storms,
Nothing, but death, shall keep me from thy arms:
Yet may that death at least so friendly prove,
To float me to the coast of her I love.
Let not the thought occasion any fear;
Doubt not, I will be soon, and safely, there:
But 'till that time, let this employ your hours,
And shew you that I can be none but yours.

Mean while the vessel from the land withdrew,
When heav'n took pity on a love so true;
The winds to blow, the waves to toss forbore,
In leaps the ravish'd youth, and ventures o'er,
With a smooth passage to the farther shore.
Now to the port the prosp'rous lover drives,
And safely after all his toils arrives.
Dissolv'd in bliss, he lies the live-long night,
Melts, languishes, and dies in vast delight.

But

But that delight my muſe forbears to ſing,
She knows the weakneſs of her infant wing.
As when the painter ſtrove to draw the chief
Of all the Grecians, in his height of grief;
In ev'ry limb the well-ſhap'd piece excell'd,
But coming to the face, his pencil fail'd.
There modeſtly he ſtaid, and held, for fear,
He ſhould not reach the woe he fancy'd there;
But round the mournful head a veil he threw,
That men might gueſs at what he could not ſhew.
So when our pleaſure riſes to exceſs,
No tongue can tell it, and no pen expreſs.
Love will not have his myſteries reveal'd,
And beauty keeps the joys it gives conceal'd.
And 'till thoſe joys my Delia lets me know,
To me they ſhall continue ever ſo.
Ah! Delia, would indulgent love decree
Thy faithful ſlave that heav'n of bliſs with thee;
What then ſhould be my verſe? what daring flights
Should my muſe take? reach what celeſtial heights?
Now in deſpair, with drooping notes ſhe ſings,
No dawn of hope to raiſe her on her wings.
In the warm ſpring the warbling birds rejoice,
And in the ſmiling ſunſhine tune their voice.
Baſk'd in the beams, they ſtrain their tender throats,
Where cheerful light inſpires the charming notes.
Such, and ſo charming ſhould my numbers be,
If you, my only light, would ſmile on me.
Your influence would inſpire as moving airs,
And make my ſong as ſoft and ſweet as theirs.
Would you but once auſpiciouſly incline
To raiſe his fame, who only writes for thine;

I'd ſing ſuch notes, as none but you could teach,
And none but one who loves like me can reach.
Secure of you, what raptures could I boaſt?
How wretched ſhall I be when you are loſt?
Ah! think what pangs deſpairing lovers prove,
And what a bleſt eſtate were mutual love.
How might my ſoul be with your favour rais'd?
And how in pleaſing you, myſelf be pleas'd?
With what delight, what tranſport, could I burn?
Did but my flames receive the leaſt return.
How would one tender look, one pitying ſmile,
Or one kind word from you, reward my toil?
It muſt, and would your tend'reſt pity move,
Were you but once convinc'd how well I love.
By ev'ry pow'r that reigns and rules on high,
By love, the mighty'ſt pow'r of all the ſky;
By your dear ſelf, the laſt great oath, I ſwear,
That neither life, nor ſoul, are half ſo dear.
What need I theſe ſuperfluous vows repeat?
Already ſigh'd ſo often at your feet.
You know my paſſion is ſincere and true,
I love you to exceſs; you know I do.
No tongue, no pen, can what I feel expreſs,
Ev'n poetry itſelf muſt make it leſs.
You haunt me ſtill, where-ever I remove,
There's no retreat ſecure from fate, or love.
My ſoul from yours no diſtance can divide,
No rocks, nor caves, can from your preſence hide.
By day, your lovely form fills all my ſight,
Nor do I loſe you, when I loſe the light,
You are the charming phantom of the night.
Still your dear image dances in my view,
And all my reſtleſs thoughts run ſtill on you;

You

You only are the sleeping poet's dream,
And when awake you only are his theme.
Were I, by some yet harder fortune, hurl'd
To the remotest parts of all the world;
The coldest northern clime, the torrid zone,
Should hear me sing of you, and you alone.
That pleasing task should all my hours employ,
Spent in a charming melancholy joy.
The chorus of the birds, the whisp'ring boughs,
And murm'ring streams, should join to sooth my woes:
My thoughts of you should yield a sad delight,
While joy and grief contend like day and night.
With smiles, and tears, resembling sun and rain,
To keep the pleasure, I'd endure the pain;
If such content my troubled soul could know,
Such satisfaction, mix'd with so much woe;
If but my thoughts could keep my wishes warm,
Ah! how would your transporting presence charm?
How pleasant would these pathless wilds appear,
Were you alone my kind companion here?
What should I then have left me to deplore?
Oh! what society to wish for more?
No country thou art in, can desart be,
And towns are desolate, depriv'd of thee.
Banish'd with thee, I could an exile bear;
Banish'd from thee, the banishment lies there.
I to some lonely isle with thee could fly,
Where not a creature dwells but thou and I;
Where a wide spreading main around us roars,
Besprinkling with its foam our desart shores;
Where winds and waves in endless wars engage,
And high-wrought tides roll with eternal rage;

Where ships far off their fearful courses steer,
And no bold vessel ever ventures near.
Should rising seas swell over ev'ry coast,
Were mankind in a second deluge lost;
Did only two of all the world survive,
Only one man, one woman left alive;
And should the gods that lot to us allow;
Were I Deucalion, and my Pyrrha thou,
Contentedly I should my fate embrace,
And would not beg them to renew our race;
All my most ardent wishes should implore,
All I should ask from each indulgent pow'r,
Would be to keep thee safe, and have no more.
Your cruelty occasions all my smart,
Your kindness could restore my bleeding heart.
You work me to a storm, you make me calm;
You give the wound, and can infuse the balm.
Of you I boast, of you alone complain,
My greatest pleasure, and my greatest pain.
Whene'er you grieve, I can no comfort know,
And when you first are pleas'd, I must be so.
While you are well, there's no disease I feel,
And I enjoy no health when you are ill.
What-e'er you do, my action does direct,
Your smile can raise me, and your frown deject.
Whom-e'er you love, I, by the self same fate,
Love too; and hate, whatever wretch you hate.
With yours, my wishes and my passions join,
Your humour and your int'rest, all is mine,
I share in all; nor can my fortunes be
Unhappy, let but fortune smile on thee.
You can preserve, you only can destroy,
Increase my sorrow, or create my joy.

From

From you, and you alone, my doom I wait,
You are the ſtar, whoſe influ'nce rules my fate.
On yours my being, and my life depend,
And mine ſhall laſt no more, when yours muſt end.
No toil would be too great, no taſk too hard,
Were you at laſt to be my rich reward.
In ſerving you I'd ſpend my lateſt breath,
Brave any danger, run on any death.
I live but for your ſake, and when I die,
All I ſhall pray for, is, may you be by.
No life, like living with thee, can delight;
No death can pleaſe like dying in thy ſight.
Oh! when I muſt, by heav'n's ſevere decree,
Be ſnatch'd from all that's dear, be ſnatch'd from thee,
May'ſt thou be preſent, to diſpel my fear,
And ſoften with thy charms the pangs I bear.
While on thy lips I pour my parting breath;
Look thee all o'er, and claſp thee cloſe in death;
Sigh out my ſoul upon thy panting breaſt,
And with a paſſion not to be expreſs'd,
Sink at thy feet into eternal reſt.

Several STORIES of

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES*,

Translated into *English* VERSE.

The STORY of

NARCISSUS and ECHO:

From the Third Book of

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

THE vocal nymph this lovely huntsman view'd,
As he into the toils his prey pursu'd;
Tho' of the pow'r of speaking first debarr'd,
She could not hold from answering what she heard.
The jealous Juno, by her wiles betray'd,
Took this revenge on the deceitful maid.
For when she might have seiz'd her faithless Jove,
Often in am'rous thefts of lawless love;
Her tedious talk would make the goddess stay,
And give her rivals time to run away:
Which when she found, she cry'd, For such a wrong,
Small be the pow'r of that deluding tongue.

Immediately

Immediately the deed confirm'd the threats,
For Echo only what she hears repeats.
Now at the sight of the fair youth she glows,
And follows silently where-e'er he goes.
The nearer she pursu'd, the more she mov'd
Thro' the dear track he trod, the more she lov'd.
Still her approach inflam'd her fierce desire,
As sulph'rous torches catch the neighb'ring fire.
How often would she strive, but strove in vain,
To tell the passion and confess her pain?
A thousand tender things her thoughts suggest,
With which she would have woo'd; but they, suppress'd
For want of speech, lay buried in her breast.
Begin she could not, but she staid to wait
'Till he should speak, and she his speech repeat.
Now several ways his young companions gone,
And for some time Narcissus left alone:
Where are you all? at last she hears him call;
And she straight answers him, *Where are you all?*
Around he lets his wandring eye-sight roam,
But sees no creature whence the voice should come.
Speak yet again, he cries, is any nigh?
Again the mournful Echo answers, *I!*
Why come not you! says he, appear in view;
She hastily returns, *Why come not you?*
Once more the voice th' astonish'd huntsman try'd,
Louder he call'd, and louder she reply'd,
Then let us join, at last Narcissus said;
Then let us join, reply'd the ravish'd maid.
Scarce had she spoke, when from the woods she sprung,
And on his neck with close embraces hung.
But he with all his strength unlocks her fold,
And breaks unkindly from her feeble hold:

Then

Then proudly cries, Life shall this breast forsake,
Ere you, loose nymph, on me your pleasure take.
On me your pleasure take, the nymph replies,
While from her the disdainful huntsman flies.
Repuls'd, with speed she seeks the gloomiest groves,
And pines to think on her rejected loves.
Alone laments her ill-requited flame,
And in the closest thickets shrouds her shame.
Her rage to be refus'd yields no relief,
But her fond passion is increas'd by grief.
The thoughts of such a slight all sleep suppress'd,
And kept her languishing for want of rest;
Now pines she quite away with anxious care,
Her skin contracts, her blood dissolves to air;
Nothing but voice and bones she now retains,
These turn to stones, but still the voice remains:
In woods, caves, hills, for ever hid she lies,
Heard by all ears, but never seen by eyes.

Thus her and other nymphs, his proud disdain,
With an unheard-of cruelty had slain;
Many on mountains, and in rivers born,
Thus perish'd underneath his haughty scorn:
When one, who in their suff'rings bore a share,
With suppliant hands address this humble pray'r:
Thus may he love himself, and thus despair.
Nor were her pray'rs at an ill hour preferr'd;
Rhamnusia, the revengeful goddess, heard.

Nature had plac'd a crystal fountain near,
The water deep, but to the bottom clear;
Whose silver spring ascended gently up,
And bubbled softly to the silent top.
The surface smooth as icy lakes appear'd,
Unknown by herdsman, undisturb'd by herd.

No

No bending tree above its ſurface grows,
Or ſcatters thence its leaves, or broken boughs;
Yet at a juſt convenient diſtance ſtood,
All round the peaceful ſpring, a ſtately wood,
Thro' whoſe thick tops no ſun could ſhoot his beams,
Nor view his image in the ſilver ſtreams:
Thither from hunting, and the ſcorching heat,
The wearied youth was one day led by fate.
Down on his face to drink the ſpring he lies;
But as his image in that glaſs he ſpies,
He drinks in paſſion deeper at his eyes.
His own reflexion works his wild deſire;
And he himſelf ſets his own ſelf on fire.
Fix'd as ſome ſtatue, he preſerves his place,
Intent his looks, and motionleſs his face.
Deep thro' the ſpring his eye-balls dart their beams,
Like midnight ſtars that twinkle in the ſtreams.
His iv'ry neck the cryſtal mirror ſhows,
His waving hair above the ſurface flows,
His cheeks reflect the lily and the roſe.
His own perfection all his paſſions mov'd,
He loves himſelf, who for himſelf was lov'd;
Who ſeeks, is ſought; who kindles the deſires,
Is ſcorch'd himſelf; who is admir'd, admires.
Oft would he the deceitful ſpring embrace,
And ſeek to faſten on that lovely face;
Oft with his down-thruſt arms he thought to fold,
About that neck that ſtill deludes his hold.
He gets no kiſſes from thoſe coz'ning lips,
His arms graſp nothing, from himſelf he ſlips.
He knows not what he views, and yet purſues
His deſp'rate love, and burns for what he views.

" Catch

" Catch not so fondly at a fleeting shade,
" And be no longer by yourself betray'd;
" It borrows all it has from you alone,
" And it can boast of nothing of its own:
" With you it comes, with you it stays, and so
" Would go away, had you the power to go."
Neither for sleep nor hunger would he move,
But gazing still, augments his hopeless love;
Still o'er the spring he keeps his bending head,
Still with that flatt'ring form his eyes he fed,
And silently surveys the treacherous shade.
To the deaf woods, at length, his grief he vents,
And in these words the wretched youth laments.
Tell me, ye hills and dales, and neighb'ring groves,
You that are conscious of so many loves;
Say, have you ever seen a lover pine
Like me, or ever knew a love like mine?
I know not whence this sudden flame should come;
I like and see, but see I know not whom.
What grieves me more, no rocks, nor rolling seas,
No strong-wall'd cities, nor untrodden ways,
Only a slender, silver-stream destroys,
And casts the bar between our sundred joys.
Even he too seems to feel an equal flame,
The same his passion, his desires the same;
As oft as I my longing lips incline
To join with his, his mount to meet with mine.
So near our faces and our mouths approach,
That almost to ourselves we seem to touch.
Come forth, whoe'er thou art, and do not fly
From one so passionately fond as I;
I've nothing to deserve your just disdain,
But have been lov'd, as I love you, in vain.

Yet

Yet all the ſigns of mutual love you give,
And my poor hopes in all your actions live:
When in the ſtream our hands I ſtrive to join,
Yours ſtraight aſcend, and half way graſp at mine.
You ſmile my ſmiles; when I a tear let fall,
You ſhed another, and conſent in all:
And when I ſpeak, your lovely lips appear
To utter ſomething which I cannot hear.
Alas! 'tis I myſelf; too late I ſee,
My own deceitful ſhade has ruin'd me.
With a mad paſſion for myſelf I'm curs'd,
And bear about thoſe flames I kindled firſt.
In ſo perplex'd a caſe, what can I do?
Aſk'd, or be aſk'd? ſhall I be woo'd, or woo?
All that I wiſh, I have; what would I more?
Ah! 'tis my too great plenty makes me poor,
Divide me from myſelf, ye powers divine!
Nor let this being intermix with mine.
All that I love, and wiſh for. now retake!
A ſtrange requeſt for one in love to make!
I feel my ſtrength decay with inward grief,
And hope to loſe my ſorrows with my life:
Nor would I mourn my own untimely fate,
Were he I love allow'd a longer date:
This makes me at my cruel ſtars repine,
That his much dearer life muſt end with mine.
This ſaid, again he turns his watry face,
And gazes wildly in the cryſtal glaſs,
While ſtreaming tears from his full eye-lids fell,
And drop by drop, rais'd circles in the well;
The ſeveral rings, larger and larger ſpread,
And by degrees diſpers'd the fleeting ſhade;

Which

Which when perceiv'd, Oh whither would you go?
He cries, ah! whither, whither fly you now?
Stay, lovely shade, do not so cruel prove,
In leaving me, who to distraction love:
Let me still see what ne'er can be possess'd,
And with the sight alone my frenzy feast.
Now frantic with his grief, his robe he tears,
And tokens of his rage his bosom bears;
The cruel wounds on his pure body show,
Like crimson mingling with the whitest snow:
Like apples with vermilion-circle's stripe,
Or a fair bunch of grapes not fully ripe;
But when he looks, and sees the wound he made,
Writ on the bosom of the charming shade;
His sorrows would admit of no relief,
But all his sense was swallow'd in his grief.

As wax, near any kindled fuel plac'd,
Melts, and is sensibly perceiv'd to waste:
As morning frosts are found to thaw away,
When once the sun begins to warm the day:
So the fond youth dissolves in hopeless fires,
And by degrees consumes in vain desires:
His lovely cheeks now lost their white and red,
Diminish'd was his strength, his beauty fled,
His body from its just proportions fell,
Which the scorn'd Echo lately lov'd so well.
Yet tho' her first resentments she retain'd,
And still remembred how she was disdain'd;
She sigh'd, and when the wretched lover cry'd,
Alas; Alas, the woeful nymph reply'd;
Then when, with cruel blows, his hands would wound
His tender breast, she still restor'd the sound.

Now

Now hanging o'er the ſpring his drooping head,
With a ſad ſigh, theſe dying words he ſaid;
Ah! boy, belov'd in vain! Thro' all the plain
Echo reſounds, *Ah! boy, belov'd in vain!*
Farewel, he cries; and with that word he dy'd;
Farewel, the miſerable nymph reply'd.
Now pale and breathleſs on the graſs he lies,
For death had ſhut his ſelf-admiring eyes;
Now wafted over to the Stygian coaſt,
The waters there reflect his wand'ring ghoſt;
In loud laments his weeping ſiſters mourn,
Which Echo makes the neighb'ring hills return.
All ſigns of deſp'rate grief the nymphs expreſs,
Great is the moan, yet is not Echo's leſs.

The STORY of

Salmacis and *Hermaphroditus:*

From the

Fourth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses.*

THE lovely Salmacis the fountain own'd,
A nymph with ev'ry blooming beauty crown'd.
Unpractis'd in the chace, untaught to throw
The thrilling dart, or bend the stubborn bow.
Never engag'd in races on the plain,
Nor ever mingling with Diana's train.
Oft would her sisters say, Rise, rise for shame,
And join with us in some laborious game.
Seize on a quiver, or a pointed spear,
Hunt the wild boar, or chace the tim'rous deer.
No quiver would she seize, no jav'lin shake,
No toil endure, in no fatigue partake.
But in her fountain is her sole delight,
For there she bathes by day, and rests by night;
Still in that liquid glass herself she dress'd,
And learn'd from thence, what look became her best;
Now in this lawn her lovely limbs array'd,
Stretch'd at her length, on the soft moss were laid,
Thro' the transparent robes, to the full view display'd.
Now languishing she lies, and gathers flowers,
Pluck'd from the blooming sides of neighb'ring bow'rs:
Thus was she busy'd, when she chanc'd to spy
The lovely son of Hermes passing by.

At

At the first sight, she found her wishes fir'd,
And the fair youth, as soon as seen, desir'd.
Yet would she not approach, tho' mad to meet,
Tho she could scarce hold back her eager feet,
'Till she might first her utmost skill bestow,
To make her beauties to advantage show:
Use all her art to let her charms appear,
Who, without art, might well be reckon'd fair.
At last attir'd she comes, at once she breaks
Into these moving words, and meltingly she speaks.
Such charms, dear youth, dwell in your lovely face,
I cannot think you born of human race.
If then a god descended from above,
You are not, sure, less than the god of love.
But if you spring not from the race divine,
If come from any of a mortal line;
Happy, thrice happy, must thy parents be,
And all thy kindred bless'd, and proud of thee.
Blest were that woman's breasts who fed thee first,
In whose fond arms thy infancy was nurs'd.
But more,—Oh! infinitely more than all the rest,
Must the fair partner of thy bed be bless'd!
If there be such, let us the bless divide,
Too great to be by any one enjoy'd.
If not already bound by nuptial vows,
Seal them with me, make me the joyful spouse.
Here stopt the love-sick nymph; whose boldness made
The bashful youth blush, for the things she said.
Still lovelier in his blushes look'd the boy,
Still her desires grew fiercer to enjoy.
So blushes fruit upon the sunny-side,
So iv'ry shews with deep vermilion dy'd.

So in eclipses looks the lab'ring moon,
When stain'd with red, her struggling face is shewn.
Nearer and nearer now the virgin mov'd,
Ready to seize upon the swain she lov'd.
Disdainfully he flies her fond embrace,
And cries, with bashful anger in his face,
Forbear, loose nymph, or I'll forsake the place.
She, at that menace from the man she lov'd,
Reply'd, 'Tis yours, fair youth; and so remov'd.
Yet at some distance, in a thicket hid,
The maid observ'd whate'er the charmer did.
Who now believing that he was not seen,
With bolder steps trips o'er the flow'ry green.
Now to the banks of that delightful stream,
Which the fair nymph that lov'd him, own'd, he came;
Dipt in his feet, and thence by small degrees
Pleas'd with the warmth he waded to the knees:
Then back unto the banks again he goes,
Down on the ground his silken garments throws,
And to the ravish'd maid, all, all the man he shows.
His naked charms her wond'ring sight amaz'd,
Who now with more impatient longings gaz'd.
Her eyes shoot fires, and shine with sparkling flames,
As when the sun plays on the silver streams,
Or when a crystal glass reflects the beams.
Mad to possess her bless, about to fly
To seize, and fasten on the lovely boy,
She burns with the delay of the transporting joy.
Now from the flow'ry bank, on which he stood,
The lovely youth leap'd down into the flood.
His skilful arms support his snowy limbs,
Still glitt'ring thro' the streams in which he swims;

Like

Like iv'ry ſtatues which the life ſurpaſs,
Or lilies cover'd with a cryſtal glaſs.
He's mine, he's mine, the raviſh'd virgin cries;
And ſtraight diſrob'd of all, impatient flies,
And plunging in the flood, purſues her joys.
Now o'er his neck her circling arms ſhe caſt,
Now threw them lower, o'er his ſtruggling waſte;
Her twining limbs on ev'ry ſide ſhe wound,
Lock'd him all o'er, and claſp'd him all around.
" So when a tow'ring eagle's talons bear
" A ſnake cloſe grip'd, and hiſſing thro' the air;
" About his neck the curling ſerpent clings,
" And fetters with his tail his ſpacious wings."
Still, tho' detain'd, the boy the bliſs denies,
Still ſtruggles to reſiſt the virgin's joys.
In vain you ſtrive, ſhe cries; this proud diſdain,
Fooliſh, ingrateful youth, is all in vain.
Grant, ye good gods, no day, no time may ſee
Me ſever'd from this youth, or him from me.
To the maid's prayer propitious gods inclin'd,
Straight into one their diff'rent forms were twin'd,
And as they mingled ſouls, their bodies join'd.

The PASSION of

SCYLLA for *MINOS*:

From the Eighth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

A Tower with founding walls erected ſtands,
The ſacred fabric of Apollo's hands.
His harp laid by, the ſtrings their airs diſpenſe,
And vocal ſtones receiv'd their virtue thence.
This Scylla, in the time of peace, aſcends,
And thence her look o'er all the land extends:
Now with delight ſhe views the ſpacious town,
Now, pleas'd with dropping little pebbles down,
Strikes a ſweet muſic from the warbling ſtone.
In times of wars the ſelf-ſame proſpect yields
The pleaſing horror of the bloody fields.
Long had they now in equal balance hung,
And doubtful victory depended long
This gave her leiſure to diſcern and know
The ſeveral leaders of the neighb'ring foe.
Minos, their general, moſt of all ſhe knew,
More than a virtuous virgin ought to do.
Whether his helmet glitter'd from afar,
And with its waving feathers threatned war;
Whether his hands his ſhining ſword would wield,
Or his ſtrong arm raiſe his refulgent ſhield;

Whate'er

Whate'er ſhe ſaw him do, ſhe prais'd, and lov'd,
And kept him ſtill in view, where'er he mov'd.
Whene'er he ſhook a ſpear, or caſt a dart,
She knew not which excell'd his ſtrength or art:
Whene'er he drew a ſhaft, ſhe'd ſwear, that ſo
Ev'n Phœbus would himſelf diſcharge his bow.
But when his naked viſage he diſcloſs'd,
His charming face to public view expos'd;
When on his foaming horſe he rode the plains,
Ruling with ſkilful hands the ſtubborn reins;
Then like tempeſtuous ſeas her paſſions roll,
Mad her ſick brain, and rack her troubled ſoul.
Happy ſhe calls the courſer which he preſs'd;
Happy the lance he couch'd within his reſt;
Happy the vamplate that ſecur'd his breaſt.
Now would ſhe think of flying to the foe,
And would have gone, had ſhe a way to go.
Now, headlong from the tower herſelf have ſent,
And ventur'd life to reach her lover's tent.
Open the brazen gates, when love inſpir'd,
Or act, whate'er the foe ſhe lov'd deſir'd.
Silent ſhe ſat, with a diſtracted look,
Till paſſion gave her leave, and then ſhe ſpoke.

In this unhappy war, and fatal ſtrife,
I know not which to yield to, joy or grief.
Tho' 'tis my fate to love my country's foe,
I had not ſeen him, had he not been ſo.
Yet might they let their fierce contentions fall,
And making peace, make me the pledge for all.
Minos and I once join'd, our wars might ceaſe,
And that alliance fix a laſting peace.
Well might your mother's charms a god ſubdue,
If ever ſhe could charm, dear youth, like you.

Happy!

Happy! thrice happy! had I wings to fly
To yonder tents, where the lov'd foe does lie.
I'd tell the dear disturber of my rest,
All that I feel, could it be all express'd,
And pour my soul into the charmer's breast;
Give all I can, to make him once my own,
All he should ask, all—but my father's crown.
This love shall cease, these fierce desires shall die,
Ere I by treachery my wish enjoy.
Yet when a generous foe disputes the field,
It is not safest to resist, but yield.
The tragic dest'ny of his darling son
Has brought at last these fatal mischiefs on.
In a just cause his vengeful sword he draws,
Strong in his army to maintain his cause.
Needs must my charming hero prosp'rous prove,
Then let him owe his conquests to my love.
Thus thousands will be sav'd, who else must bleed,
And daily perish, if the wars proceed.
Minos will thus be safe, and I be blest;
Else he may chance to perish with the rest.
Some rash unknowing hand his spear may dart
Against my too too vent'rous hero's heart.
For who, without concern, his wounds could see?
Or who would wound him, if he knew 'twas he?
'Tis then resolv'd; lest such a chance should fall
On him I love so well, I'll hazard all.
My country, and myself, one gift I'll join,
And make the merit of his conquest mine.
To will is nothing, when we can't fulfil,
For wretched want of power, the things we will.
The gates are kept with a sufficient guard,
And ev'ry night my father sees them barr'd.

'Tis

'Tis he destroys my bliss; 'tis him I fear;
Would he were with the dead, or I were there.
Might I, (not inj'ring him) my bliss pursue?
Indulgent gods! but why invoke I you?
We own our gods, have pow'r ourselves to bless,
And from ourselves derive our own success.
The only way to prosper is to dare,
For fortune listens not to lazy prayer.
Others inflam'd with such a fierce desire,
Have forc'd thro' all, to quench the raging fire.
Shall any other then more res'lute prove?
Thro' fire and sword I'd force my way to love.
Yet to assist me here, I need not call
For fire, or sword; my father's hair is all.
That, that must crown my joys, and make me blest,
Beyond whatever else can be possest,
Beyond what can be by my words exprest.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH of *DELIA*.

Quam referent Musæ, vivet, dum robora tellus,
Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.
Tibullus.

Daphnis and *Thyrsis*.

Thyr. STAY wretched swain, lie here, and here lament;
Press not too far your strength, already spent.
Long has distracting sorrow made me rove
Thro' ev'ry desart plain, and dismal grove,
Still silent with excess of grief, and love.
Freely your trembling legs beneath you go,
And bend o'erburd'ned with their load of woe.
Stay, and this melancholy grotto chuse,
A proper mansion for a mourning muse;
Lay your tir'd limbs extended on the moss,
And tell the list'ning woods of Delia's loss:
Here the sad muse need no disturbance fear,
For not a living thing inhabits here.
Music may give your sorrows some relief,
And I, by list'ning to you, share your grief.

Daph.

Daph. What music now can my sad numbers boast?
What muse invoke? alas! my muse is lost.
Long since my useless pipe was thrown aside,
My reeds were broke that hour that Delia dy'd,
From her alone their Inspiration came,
She gave the verse, and was the verse's theme.
For ever should my sorrows keep me dumb,
Silent as death, and hush'd as Delia's tomb,
Did not the force of love unlock my tongue,
Lest her dear beauties should remain unsung.
Her charms let ev'ry muse conspire to tell,
And that once done, let ev'ry muse farewel.
This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

Be still ye winds, or in soft whispers blow,
Ye purling streams, with gentle murmurs flow,
Let lambs forbear to bleat, and herds to low.
Let all in easy mournful numbers move,
Let all be soft and artless as my love.

Oh! she was ev'ry way divinely fair,
Charming in person, and in soul sincere.
She was, alas! more than the muse can tell,
Well worthy love, and was belov'd as well.
She was, alas! these tears that saying draws,
Oh! 'tis a cruel, killing word; She was.
Now she no more must tread the flow'ry plains,
No more be gaz'd at by admiring swains:
No more the choicest flowers and daisies chuse,
Or pluck the pasture for her tender ewes.
Say, ye poor flocks, how often have ye stood,
And from her lovely hands receiv'd your food;
Now ye no more from those fair hands must feast,
Those hands, which gave the flowers a sweeter taste.

This

Mourn her, by whom you were so often fed,
And cry with me, the shepherdess is dead.
This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

Weep for her loss, relenting heav'n, and keep
Time with our tears; heav'n seems apace to weep.
In murm'ring drops the mournful rain distils,
And sable clouds wrap round the sides of hills.
The goat forbears to brouze, the tender ewe
Will drink no longer of the falling dew:
No morning larks their mounting wings display,
Or cheer with warbling airs the dusky day.
On dropping boughs sad nightingales complain,
Join in my songs, but sing, like me, in vain.
In doleful notes the murm'ring turtles coo,
Each of them seems t'have lost a Delia too.
The melting air in mists its sorrows shews,
And cold damp sweat the face of earth bedews.
With tears the river gods enlarge their spring,
Swans in sad strains on swelling waters sing.
In sighs the god of winds his passion vents,
And all, all nature, for her loss laments.
This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.
How often on the banks of silver Thames,
My eyes on hers, and hers upon the streams,
Has she stood list'ning, when I told my flames?

How often has a sudden, side-long look,
Seem'd to confess her pity when I spoke?
Pity I had, tho' I could never move,
In her cold breast, the least return of love.
Pity from her more welcome did receive,
Than all the love another fair could give,

Say

And it was some, some small relief, to see
She lov'd not others, tho' she lov'd not me.
Say, gentle Thames, how often have I stood,
Viewing her dear reflexion in your flood?
When on her face I durst not gaze for fear;
How often have I look'd, and found it there?
How often have I wish'd my verse might prove
Smooth as your stream, whene'er I writ of love?
Say, how your courteous waves would never flow
O'er any path where she was us'd to go.
Now let your river, like my eyes, run o'er,
Insult with fuller tides the desart shore,
And drown those banks, where Delia walks no more.
This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

Blue violets and blushing roses, fade,
Fold your silk leaves, and hang your drooping head,
Shut up your sweets, and seem, like Delia, dead.
Let spring run backwards, and the vintage blast,
Let constant showers lay all the country waste.
Let flames unto the centre downwards tend,
And let the floods, untoss'd by winds, ascend.
Let all things change, and wear another face,
Let nature not appear the same she was.
Let fowl to dwell beneath the waters try,
And let the watry herd attempt to fly.
Let wolves protect the flocks upon the plains,
Let bashful virgins woo disdainful swains;
Let savage death its cruelty pursue;
And, since my Delia's dead, let me die too.
This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

See, where the god of love all sad appears,
His smoking torch extinguish'd with his tears;
Well may he weep for his declining pow'r,
His charm is done, since Delia is no more.
Thro' her he conquer'd, and thro' her he reign'd;
Her beauties his decaying sway sustain'd;
And she now gone, his empire is disdain'd.
See where Diana, with a stately train
Of goodly nymphs, descends upon the plain:
Each of them weeps, and leans upon her bow,
And mourns her fellow Delia wanting now.
The goddess grieves to see her train decreas'd,
And swelling sighs shake ev'ry virgin breast.
Unhurt, they let the stags beside them pass,
Nor follow boars that tempt them to the chace.
In several forms of woe their grief they vent,
And all with me for Delia's loss lament.
This the last tribute of my verse I bring,
To sing her death, and then no more to sing.

Look yonder, where the lovely nymph is laid,
I'll go, and on her earth recline my head;
Choke with my sighs, and hasten to the dead.
Come hither all ye swains, with garlands come,
Pour out your richest perfumes on her tomb.
Let myrtles on her grave unplanted grow,
In ready wreaths for ev'ry lover's brow.
Let flow'rs unknown before be daily seen
To raise their heads above the spacious green.
Millions of blooming sweets her earth surround,
And balmy gums distil upon the ground.
Here let the tuneful muse for ever cease,
To give unutterable sorrow place.

Let

Let ſighs and ſtreaming tears reſume their courſe,
And my ſad eyes be their eternal ſource.
I'll go and chuſe ſome melancholy cave,
As undiſturb'd and ſecret as the grave.
I'll feaſt mine eyes with nothing fair on earth,
Nor ſhall my ears hear any ſound of mirth.
Farewell ye charming choriſters, that dwell
In ſacred groves; ye warbling birds, farewell.
Adieu ye nymphs, adieu ye fellow-ſwains,
Ye ſilver ſtreams, ſweet ſwans, and flow'ry plains;
Farewell all happy days, and ſmiling hours,
Refreſhing valleys, and delightful bow'rs;
Adieu to ev'ry grotto, ev'ry grove,
Adieu to poetry, adieu to love.

FINIS.